OROONOKO:

OR, THE

Royal Slave.

A TRUE

HISTORY.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Will. Canning*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Cloyſters*. 1688.

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TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Lord *MAITLAND.*

My Lord,

SInce the World is grown ſo Nice and Critical upon Dedications, and will Needs be Judging the Book, by the Wit of the Patron; we ought, with a great deal of Circumſpection, to chuſe a Perſon againſt whom there can be

no Exception; and whoſe Wit, and Worth, truly Merits all that one is capable of ſaying upon that Occaſion.

The moſt part of Dedications are charg'd with Flattery; and if the World knows a Man has ſome Vices, they will not allow one to ſpeak of his Virtues. This, my Lord, is for want of thinking Rightly; if Men wou'd conſider with Reaſon, they wou'd have another ſort of Opinion, and Eſteem of Dedications; and wou'd believe almoſt every Great Man has enough to make him Worthy of all that can be ſaid of him there. My Lord, a Picture-drawer, when he intends to make a good Picture, eſſays the Face many Ways, and in many

many Lights, before he begins; that he may chuſe, from the ſeveral turns of it, which is moſt Agreeable, and gives it the beſt Grace; and if there be a Scar, an ungrateful Mole, or any little Defect, they leave it out; and yet make the Picture extreamly like: But he who has the good Fortune to draw a Face that is exactly Charming in all its Parts and Features, what Colours or Agreements can be added to make it Finer? All that he can give is but its due; and Glories in a Piece whoſe Original alone gives it its Perfection. An ill Hand may diminiſh, but a good Hand cannot augment its Beauty. A Poet is a Painter in his

way; he draws to the Life, but in another kind; we draw the Nobler part, the Soul and Mind; the Pictures of the Pen shall out-last those of the Pencil, and even Worlds themselves. 'Tis a short Chronicle of those Lives that possibly wou'd be forgotten by other Historians, or lye neglected there, however deserving an immortal Fame; for Men of eminent Parts are as Exemplary as even Monarchs themselves; and Virtue is a noble Lesson to be learn'd, and 'tis by Comparison we can Judge and Chuse. 'Tis by such illustrious Presidents, as your Lordship, the World can be Better'd and Refin'd; when a great part of the lazy Nobility

lity ſhall, with Shame, behold the admirable Accompliſhments of a Man ſo Great, and ſo Young.

Your Lordſhip has Read innumerable Volumes of Men, and Books; not Vainly for the guſt of Novelty, but Knowledge, excellent Knowledge: Like the induſtrious Bee, from every Flower you return Laden with the precious Dew, which you are ſure to turn to the Publick Good. You hoard no one Perfection, but lay it all out in the Glorious Service of your Religion and Country; to both which you are a uſeful and neceſſary Honour: They both want ſuch Supporters; and 'tis only Men of ſo elevated Parts,

and

and fine Knowledge; ſuch noble Principles of Loyalty and Religion this Nation Sighs for. Where ſhall we find a Man ſo Young, like St. Auguſtine, *in the midſt of all his Youth and Gaiety, Teaching the World divine Precepts, true Notions of Faith, and Excellent Morality, and, at the ſame time, be alſo a perfect Pattern of all that accompliſh a Great Man? You have, my Lord, all that refin'd Wit that Charms, and the Affability that Obliges; a Generoſity that gives a Luſtre to your Nobility; that Hoſpitality, and Greatneſs of Mind, that ingages the World; and that admirable Conduct, that ſo well*

well Inſtructs it. Our Nation ought to regret and bemoan their Misfortunes, for not being able to claim the Honour of the Birth of a Man who is ſo fit to ſerve his Majeſty, and his Kingdoms, in all Great and Publick Affairs: And to the Glory of your Nation be it ſpoken, it produces more conſiderable Men, for all fine Sence, Wit, Wiſdom, Breeding, and Generoſity (for the generality of the Nobility) than all other Nations can Boaſt; and the Fruitfulneſs of your Virtues ſufficiently make amends for the Barrenneſs of your Soil: Which however cannot be incommode to your Lordſhip; ſince your Quality, and the Vene-

Veneration that the Commonalty naturally pay their Lords, creates a flowing Plenty there--- that makes you Happy. And to compleat your Happineſs, my Lord, Heaven has bleſt you with a Lady, to whom it has given all the Graces, Beauties, and Virtues of her Sex; all the Youth, Sweetneſs of Nature; of a moſt illuſtrious Family; and who is a moſt rare Example to all Wives of Quality, for her eminent Piety, Eaſineſs, and Condeſcention; and as abſolutely merits Reſpect from all the World, as ſhe does that Paſſion and Reſignation ſhe receives from your Lordſhip; and which is, on her part, with ſo much Tender-

derneſs return'd. Methinks your tranquil Lives are an Image of the new Made and Beautiful Pair in Paradiſe: And 'tis the Prayers and Wiſhes of all, who have the Honour to know you, that it may Eternally ſo continue, with Additions of all the Bleſſings this World can give you.

My Lord, the Obligations I have to ſome of the Great Men of your Nation, particularly to your Lordſhip, gives me an Ambition of making my Acknowledgments, by all the Opportunities I can; and ſuch humble Fruits, as my Induſtry produces, I lay at your Lordſhips Feet. This is a

true

true Story, of a Man Gallant enough to merit your Protection; and, had he always been ſo Fortunate, he had not made ſo Inglorious an end: The Royal Slave I had the Honour to know in my Travels to the other World; and though I had none above me in that Country, yet I wanted power to preſerve this Great Man. If there be any thing that ſeems Romantick, I beſeech your Lordſhip to conſider, theſe Countries do, in all things, ſo far differ from ours, that they produce unconceivable Wonders; at leaſt, they appear ſo to us, becauſe New and Strange. VVhat I have mention'd I have taken care ſhou'd

be

be Truth, let the Critical Reader judge as he pleaſes. 'Twill be no Commendation to the Book, to aſſure your Lordſhip I writ it in a few Hours, though it may ſerve to Excuſe ſome of its Faults of Connexion; for I never reſted my Pen a Moment for Thought: 'Tis purely the Merit of my Slave that muſt render it worthy of the Honour it begs; and the Author of that of Subſcribing herſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt oblig'd

and obedient Servant,

A. BEHN.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE Royal Slave.

I Do not pretend, in giving you the Hiſtory of this *Royal Slave*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whoſe Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poets Pleaſure; nor in relating the Truth, deſign to adorn it with any Accidents, but ſuch as arriv'd in earneſt to him: And it ſhall come

ſimply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to ſupport it, and to render it diverting, without the Addition of Invention.

I was my ſelf an Eye-Witneſs, to a great part, of what you will find here ſet down; and what I cou'd not be Witneſs of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this Hiſtory, the *Hero* himſelf, who gave us the whole Tranſactions of his Youth; and though I ſhall omit, for Brevity's ſake, a thouſand little Accidents of his Life, which, however pleaſant to us, where Hiſtory was ſcarce, and Adventures very rare; yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diverſions for every Minute,

new

new and ſtrange: But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumſtance of his Life.

The Scene of the laſt part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America*, called *Surinam*, in the *Weſt-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave*, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to theſe new *Colonies*; for thoſe they make uſe of there, are not *Natives* of the place; for thoſe we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but on the contrary, careſs 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the World; trading with 'em for their Fiſh, Veniſon, Buffilo's, Skins, and little Rarities; as Marmoſets, a ſort of *Monkey* as

big as a Rat or Weeſel, but of a marvellous and delicate ſhape, and has Face and Hands like an Humane Creature: and *Couſheries*, a little Beaſt in the form and faſhion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten; but ſo exactly made in all parts like that noble Beaſt, that it is it in *Minature*. Then for little *Parakeetoes*, great Parrots, *Muckaws*, and a thouſand other Birds and Beaſts of wonderful and ſurprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours. For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are ſome threeſcore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be ſeen at His Majeſty's *Antiquaries*: Where are alſo ſome rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, preſented to 'em by my ſelf; ſome as big as my Fiſt, ſome leſs; and all of various Excellencies, ſuch as Art cannot

cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themſelves little ſhort Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whoſe Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Set of theſe preſented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre, and it was the Dreſs of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Perſons of Quality; and were unimitable. Beſides theſe, a thouſand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature, and ſome of Art; as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, *&c.* We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noſes and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin,

Braſs, or Silver, beat thin; and any ſhining Trincket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a quarter of an Ell long, and of the ſame breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of ſeveral Colours of Beads; which Apron they wear juſt before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long Stripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread theſe Beads alſo on long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waſte; and then croſs, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold.

behold. Some of the Beauties which indeed are finely ſhap'd, as almoſt all are, and who have pretty Features, are very charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddiſh Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often uſe to themſelves, they are of the colour of a new Brick, but ſmooth, ſoft and ſleek. They are extream modeſt and baſhful, very ſhy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be ſeen an indecent Action, or Glance; and being continually us'd to ſee one another ſo unadorn'd, ſo like our firſt Parents before the Fall, it ſeems as if they had no Wiſhes; there being nothing to heighten Curioſity, but all you can ſee, you

ſee at once, and every Moment ſee; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curioſity. Not but I have ſeen a handſom young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtſhip was, to fold his Arms, purſue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While ſhe, as if no ſuch Lover were preſent; or rather, as if ſhe deſired none ſuch, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but ſhe look'd down with all the bluſhing Modeſty I have ſeen in the moſt ſevere and cautious of our World. And theſe People repreſented to me an abſolute *Idea* of the firſt State of Innocence, before Man knew how to ſin: And 'tis moſt evident and plain, that ſimple Nature is the moſt harmleſs, inoffen-

ſive

ſive and vertuous Miſtreſs. 'Tis ſhe alone, if ſhe were permitted, that better inſtructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but deſtroy that Tranquillity, they poſſeſs by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion. They once made Mourning and Faſting for the Death of the *Engliſh* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on ſuch a Day to 'em, and neither came, nor ſent; believing, when once a Man's Word was paſt, nothing but Death cou'd or ſhou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they ſaw he was not dead, they ask'd him, what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a man was a *Lyar*, which

was

was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy.* They have a Native Juſtice, which knows no Fraud; and they underſtand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White Men.* They have Plurality of Wives, which, when they grow old, they ſerve thoſe that ſucceed 'em, who are young; but with a Servitude eaſie and reſpected; and unleſs they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Thoſe on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldeſt War-Captain was obey'd with great Reſignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has lead them on to Battel with Conduct, and Succeſs; of whom I ſhall have Occaſion to ſpeak more

more hereafter, and of ſome other of their Cuſtoms and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With theſe People, as I ſaid, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Underſtanding, as it behooves us to do; they knowing all the places where to ſeek the beſt Food of the Country, and the Means of getting it; and for very ſmall and unvaluable Trifles, ſupply us with what 'tis impoſſible for us to get; for they do not only in the Wood, and over the *Sevana's*, in Hunting, ſupply the parts of Hounds, by ſwiftly ſcouring through thoſe almoſt impaſſable places; and by the meer Activity of their Feet, run down the nimbleſt Deer, and other eatable Beaſts: But in the water, one wou'd think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep;

Deep; ſo rare an Art they have in Swimming, Diving, and almoſt Living in Water; by which they command the leſs ſwift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for Shooting; what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have ſo admirable an Aim, that they will ſplit almoſt an Hair; and at any diſtance that an Arrow can reach, they will ſhoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Points, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being, on all Occaſions, very uſeful to us, we find it abſolutely neceſſary to careſs 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do other, their Numbers ſo far ſurpaſſing ours in that *Continent*.

Thoſe

Thoſe then whom we make uſe of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negro's*, *Black*-Slaves altogether; which are tranſported thither in this manner.

Thoſe who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Maſter, or Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him ſo much a-piece, a matter of twenty Pound a Head for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they ſhall be deliver'd on ſuch a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have ſo contracted, go a-board, and receive their Number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men; the reſt, Women and Children: Or be there more or leſs of either Sex, you are oblig'd to be contented with your Lot.

Cora-

Coramantien, a Country of *Blacks* ſo called, was one of thoſe places in which they found the moſt advantageous Trading for theſe Slaves; and thither moſt of our great Traders in that Merchandice traffick'd; for that Nation is very war-like and brave; and having a continual Campaign, being always in Hoſtility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives; for all they took in Battel, were ſold as Slaves; at leaſt, thoſe common Men who cou'd not ranſom themſelves. Of theſe Slaves ſo taken, the General only has all the profit; and of theſe Generals, our Captains and Maſters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was himſelf a Man of a Hundred and odd

odd Years old, and had no Son, though he had many beautiful *Black*-Wives; for moſt certainly, there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his Sons, thirteen of which died in Battel, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Succeſſor, one Grand-Child, Son to one of theſe dead Victors; who, as ſoon as he cou'd bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was ſent into the Field, to be trained up by one of the oldeſt Generals, to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occaſions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the Age of Seventeen, one of the moſt expert Captains, and braveſt Soldiers, that ever ſaw

the Field of *Mars*: So that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Beſides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty ſo tranſcending all thoſe of his gloomy Race, that he ſtrook an Awe and Reverence, even in thoſe that knew not his Quality; as he did in me, who beheld him with Surprize and Wonder, when afterwards he arriv'd in our World.

He had ſcarce arriv'd at his Seventeenth Year, when fighting by his Side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for ſo was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General, who ſaw the Arrow ſhot, and perceiving it aim'd at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpoſe to receive it in his own

Body,

Body rather than it ſhou'd touch that of the Prince, and ſo ſaved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaim'd Général in the old Man's place; and then it was, at the finiſhing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince came to Court; where he had hardly been a Month together, from the time of his fifth Year, to that of Seventeen; and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd ſo much Humanity; or, to give his Accompliſhments a juſter Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatneſs of Soul, thoſe refin'd Notions of true Honour, that abſolute Generoſity, and that Softneſs that was capable of the higheſt Paſſions of Love and Gallantry, whoſe Objects were almoſt

continually fighting Men, or thoſe mangl d, or dead; who heard no Sounds, but thoſe of War and Groans: Some part of it we may attribute to the Care of a *French*-Man of Wit and Learning; who finding it turn to very good Account to be a ſort of Royal Tutor to this young *Black*, & perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehenſion, took a great pleaſure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extreamly belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reaſon was, He lov'd, when he came from War, to ſee all the *Engliſh* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniards* alſo, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often ſeen and convers'd with this great Man, and been a

Witneſs

Witneſs to many of his mighty Actions; and do aſſure my Reader, the moſt Illuſtrious Courts cou'd not have produc'd a braver Man, both for Greatneſs of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more ſolid, a Wit more quick, and a Converſation more ſweet and diverting. He knew almoſt as much as if he had read much: He had heard of, and admir'd the *Romans*; he had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd diſcourſe of it with all the Senſe, and Abhorrence of the Injuſtice imaginable. He had an extream good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points addreſs'd himſelf, as if his Education had been in ſome *European* Court.

This great and juſt Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extream Curioſity to ſee him, eſpecially when I knew he ſpoke *French* and *Engliſh*, and that I cou'd talk with him. But though I had heard ſo much of him, I was as greatly ſurpriz'd when I ſaw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; ſo beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and addreſs'd himſelf to me, and ſome other Women, with the beſt Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the moſt exact that can be fanſy'd: The moſt famous Statuary cou'd not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from Head to Foot. His Face was not of that brown, ruſty Black which moſt of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or poliſh'd Jett. His Eyes were the moſt

awful

awful that cou'd be ſeen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Noſe was riſing and *Roman*, inſtead of *African* and flat. His Mouth, the fineſt ſhap'd that cou'd be ſeen; far from thoſe great turn'd Lips, which are ſo natural to the reſt of the *Negroes*. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was ſo noble, and exactly form'd, that, bating his Colour, there cou'd be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handſome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty: His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art; which was, by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular Care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come ſhort of

thoſe of his Perſon; for his Diſcourſe was admirable upon almoſt any Subject; and who-ever had heard him ſpeak, wou'd have been convinc'd of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confin'd to the *White* Men, eſpecially to thoſe of *Chriſtendom*; and wou'd have confeſs'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wiſely, had as great a Soul, as politick Maxims, and was as ſenſible of Power as any Prince civiliz'd in the moſt refin'd Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the moſt Illuſtrious Courts.

This Prince, ſuch as I have deſcrib'd him, whoſe Soul and Body were ſo admirably adorn'd, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather) as I ſaid, as capable of Love, as 'twas poſſible for a brave and gallant Man to be; and

and in ſaying that, I have nam'd the higheſt Degree of Love; for ſure, great Souls are moſt capable of that Paſſion.

I have already ſaid, the old General was kill'd by the ſhot of an Arrow, by the Side of this Prince, in Battel; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead *Hero* had one only Daughter left of his Race; a Beauty that, to deſcribe her truly, one need ſay only, ſhe was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful *Black Venus*, to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Perſon as he, and of delicate Vertues. I have ſeen an hundred *White* Men ſighing after her, and making a thouſand Vows at her Feet, all vain, and unſucceſsful: And ſhe was, indeed, too great for any, but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the Wars, (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in Honour he ought to make a Visit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foster-father, the dead General; and to make some Excuses to her, because his Preservation was the Occasion of her Father's Death; and to present her with those Slaves that had been taken in this last Battel, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely surpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whose Face and Person was so exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modesty with which she receiv'd him, that Softness in her Look, and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occasion of

this

this Honour that was done by ſo great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom ſhe had heard ſuch admirable things; the Awefulneſs wherewith ſhe receiv'd him, and the Sweetneſs of her Words and Behaviour while he ſtay'd, gain'd a perfect Conqueſt over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be ſubdu'd. So that having made his firſt Complements, and preſented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not inſenſible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wiſh'd for nothing more than ſo glorious a Conqueſt, was pleas'd to believe, ſhe underſtood that ſilent Language of new-born Love; and from that Moment, put on all her Additions to Beauty.

The

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and though he did not ſpeak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleaſure to hear all his Followers ſpeak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid; inſomuch that, even in the Preſence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if poſſible, the Beauties they had found in her: So that nothing elſe was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whiſperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* ſtay'd not long before he made his ſecond Viſit; nor, conſidering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him ſay, that he admir'd by what ſtrange Inſpiration he came to talk things ſo ſoft, and

ſo

ſo paſſionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Converſation of Women; but (to uſe his own Words) he ſaid, Moſt happily, ſome new, and till then unknown Power inſtructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the ſame time, in favour of him, inſpir'd *Imoinda* with a Senſe of his Paſſion. She was touch'd with what he ſaid, and return'd it all in ſuch Anſwers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleaſure unknown before: Nor did he uſe thoſe Obligations ill, that Love had done him; but turn'd all his happy Moments to the beſt advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if ſuch a diſtinction may be made in Love; and eſpecially in that Country, where Men take to themſelves as many

as

as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin with Woman is, to turn her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and Misery: Such ill Morals are only practis'd in *Christian*-Countries, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Vertue or Morality, think that's ſufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of thoſe Profeſſors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, ſo he made her ſuch Propoſitions as were not only and barely ſuch; but, contrary to the Cuſtom of his Country, he made her Vows, ſhe ſhou'd be the only woman he wou'd poſſeſs while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles ſhou'd incline him to change, for her Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young; and he ſhou'd have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms ſhe now bore,

bore, and ſhou'd look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find it no longer in her Face.

After a thouſand Aſſurances of his laſting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, ſhe condeſcended to receive him for her Huſband; or rather, receiv'd him, as the greateſt Honour the God's cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in theſe Caſes to be obſerv'd, which I forgot to ask him how perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both ſides, that, in Obedience to him, the Grand-father was to be firſt made acquainted with the Deſign: for they pay a moſt abſolute Reſignation to the Monarch, eſpecially when he is a Parent alſo.

On the other ſide, the old King, who had many Wives, and many

Con-

Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to insinuate in his Heart a thousand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who represented her to his Fancy, as the most charming he had ever possess'd in all the long Race of his numerous Years. At this Character his old Heart, like an extinguish'd Brand, most apt to take Fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his second Childhood, long'd with Impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he cou'd but innocently play. But how he shou'd be confirm'd she was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court (where Maidens never came, unless for the King's private Use) he was next to consider; and while he was so doing, he had Intelligence brought

brought him, that *Imoinda* was moſt certainly Miſtreſs to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him ſome *Shagrien*; however, it gave him alſo an Opportunity, one Day, when the Prince was a-hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who ſhou'd go and make a Preſent to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he ſhou'd then, unknown, ſee this fair Maid, and have an Opportunity to hear what Meſſage ſhe wou'd return the Prince for his Preſent; and from thence gather the ſtate of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in Execution, and the old Monarch ſaw, and burnt: He found her all he had heard, and wou'd not delay his Happineſs, but found he ſhou'd have ſome Obſtacle to overcome her Heart; for ſhe expreſs'd

preſs'd her Senſe of the Preſent the Prince had ſent her, in terms ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that cou'd not be diſſembl'd; inſomuch that 'twas paſt doubt whether ſhe lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King ſome Affliction; but he ſalv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferior to what they pay'd their Gods: And what Love wou'd not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty wou'd compel her to.

He was therefore no ſooner got to his Apartment, but he ſent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation; he ſends the Lady, he has a Mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which ſhe is cover'd, and ſecur'd for the King's Uſe; and 'tis Death to diſobey; beſides, held a moſt impious Diſobedience. 'Tis

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that ſeiz'd this lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in theſe Caſes are dangerous, and Pleading worſe than Treaſon; trembling, and almoſt fainting, ſhe was oblig'd to ſuffer her ſelf to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he ſate under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd for Virgin; whom he having commanded ſhou'd be brought to him, they (after diſ-robing her) led her to the Bath, and making faſt the Doors, left her to deſcend. The King, without more Courtſhip, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in

Tears, threw her ſelf on the Marble, on the Brink of the Bath, and beſought him to hear her. She told him, as ſhe was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory ſhe ſhould have been of having it in her power to oblige her King: but as by the Laws, he cou'd not; and from his Royal Goodneſs, wou'd not take from any Man his wedded Wife: So ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhou'd be the Occaſion of making him commit a great Sin, if ſhe did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him, ſhe was anothers, and cou'd not be ſo happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, haſtily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had marry'd a Woman of her Degree, without his Conſent. *Imoinda*, ſeeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble; whether

whether with Age, or Anger, I know not; but ſhe fanſy'd the laſt, almoſt repented ſhe had ſaid ſo much, for now ſhe fear'd the Storm wou'd fall on the Prince; ſhe therefore ſaid a thouſand things to appeaſe the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with Calmneſs; but before ſhe ſpoke, he imagin'd who ſhe meant, but wou'd not ſeem to do ſo, but commanded her to lay aſide her Mantle, and ſuffer her ſelf to receive his Careſſes; or, by his Gods, he ſwore, that happy Man whom ſhe was going to name ſhou'd die, though it were even *Oroonoko* himſelf. *Therefore* (ſaid he) *deny this Marriage, and ſwear thy ſelf a Maid. That* (reply'd *Imoinda*) *by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband. 'Tis enough* (ſaid the King;) *'tis enough*

to ſatisfie both my Conſcience, and my Heart. And riſing from his Seat, he went, and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to reſiſt.

In this time the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to viſit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only ſo, but heard ſhe had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a Storm; and in his Madneſs, they had much ado to ſave him from laying violent Hands on himſelf. Force firſt prevail'd, and then Reaſon: They urg'd all to him, that might oppoſe his Rage; but nothing weigh'd ſo greatly with him as the King's Old Age uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, becauſe it pleas'd him moſt, and flatter'd beſt his Heart. Yet this

ſerv'd

ſerv'd not altogether to make him ceaſe his different Paſſions, which ſometimes rag'd within him, and ſometimes ſoftned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appeaſe him, to tell him, his Grand-father was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no Cauſe to ſigh and mourn for the Loſs of a Miſtreſs, he cou'd not with all his Strength and Courage retrieve. And he wou'd often cry, *O my Friends! were ſhe in wall'd Cities, or confin'd from me in Fortifications of the greateſt Strength; did Inchantments or Monſters detain her from me, I wou'd venture through any Hazard to free her: But there, in the Arms of a feeble old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade*

in Arms, and all my vaſt Deſire of Glory, avail me nothing: Imoinda *is as irrecoverably loſt to me, as if ſhe were ſnatch'd by the cold Arms of Death: Oh! ſhe is never to be retriev'd. If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate ſhou'd bow the old King to his Grave; even that wou'd not leave me* Imoinda *free; but ſtill that Cuſtom that makes it ſo vile a Crime for a* Son *to marry his Father's Wives or Miſtreſſes, wou'd hinder my Happineſs; unleſs I wou'd either ignobly ſet an ill Preſident to my Succeſſors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to ſome unknown World, who never heard our Story.*

But it was objected to him, that his Caſe was not the ſame; for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife, by ſolemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he ſo pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the

Breach

Breach of the Law being on his Grand-father's ſide; and that if he cou'd circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a ſort of *Seraglio*, it was both juſt and lawful for him ſo to do.

This Reaſoning had ſome force upon him, and he ſhou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the Thought that ſhe was poſſeſs'd by his Grand-father. However, he lov'd ſo well, that he was reſolv'd to believe what moſt favour'd his Hope; and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda*'s own Mouth, what only ſhe cou'd ſatisfie him in; whether ſhe was robb'd of that Bleſſing, which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a Sight of the Women, for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when

the King went to entertain himself with some one of his Wives, or Mistresses; and 'twas Death at any other time, for any other to go in; so he knew not how to contrive to get a Sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and suffer'd under a Torment the most painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his share of Affliction. He was troubl'd for having been forc'd by an irresistable Passion, to rob his Son of a Treasure, he knew, cou'd not but be extreamly dear to him, since she was the most beautiful that ever had been seen; and had besides, all the Sweetness and Innocence of Youth and Modesty, with a Charm of Wit surpassing all. He found that, however she was forc'd to expose her lovely Person to his wither'd Arms, she

cou'd

cou'd only ſigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear ſpeaking of him, though her Life were, by Cuſtom, forfeited by owning her Paſſion. But ſhe ſpoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him, to whom ſhe ſpoke; and of the Praiſes of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every Recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young *Hero*, that gave *Imoinda* a thouſand Privileges to ſpeak of him, without offending; and this Condeſcention in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of ſpeaking of him ſo very often.

Beſides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himſelf; and thoſe of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Ver-

tues

rues of the Prince, ſtill anſwer'd what they thought conduc'd beſt to his Service; which was, to make the old King fanſy that the Prince had no more Intereſt in *Imoinda*, and had reſign'd her willingly to the Pleaſure of the King; that he diverted himſelf with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report theſe things again to *Imoinda*, that ſhe might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and reſt better contented in his Arms. But however ſhe was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all Appearance, with Unconcern, and Content, her Heart was burſting within, and ſhe was only happy when ſhe cou'd get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to juſtifie as far as poſſibly he cou'd by his Actions; and when he appear'd in the Preſence of the King, he ſhew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: So that in a little time the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Miſtreſs. But as ſoon as he enter'd, one Day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the firſt Glance from her Eyes, notwithſtanding all his determin d Reſolution, he was ready to ſink in the place where he ſtood; and had certainly done ſo, but for the Support of *Aboan*, a young Man, who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance,

tenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And I have obſerv'd, 'tis a very great Error in thoſe, who laugh when one ſays, *A* Negro *can change Colour*; for I have ſeen 'em as frequently bluſh, and look pale, and that as viſibly as ever I ſaw in the moſt beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain that both theſe Changes were evident, this Day, in both theſe Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who ſaw with ſome Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, ſtrove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Careſs, with which ſhe met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as ſoon as the King was buſy'd in looking on ſome fine thing of *Imoinda*'s making, ſhe had time to tell the Prince with her angry,

but

but Love-darting Eyes, that ſhe reſented his Coldneſs, and bemoan'd her own miſerable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes ſilent, but anſwer'd hers again, as much as Eyes cou'd do, inſtructed by the moſt tender, and moſt paſſionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they ſpoke ſo well, and ſo effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted, but ſhe was the only Delight, and the Darling of that Soul ſhe found pleading in 'em its Right of Love, which none was more willing to reſign than ſhe. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an Inſtant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they both found, there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he ſaw another Door open'd by *Onahal*, a former old Wife of

the

the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*; and ſaw the Proſpect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the Dalliance of the King; who immediately lead the trembling Victim from his Sight, into that prepar'd Repoſe. What Rage! what wild Frenzies ſeiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within Bounds, and to ſuffer without Noiſe, it became the more inſupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thouſand Pains. He was forc'd to retire, to vent his Groans; where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay ſtruggling a long time, and only breathing now and then, --*O Imoinda!* When *Onahal* had finiſh'd her neceſſary Affair within, ſhutting the Door, ſhe came forth to wait, till the King call'd; and hearing ſome one ſighing in the other Room,

Room, ſhe paſs'd on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which ſhe thought needed her Aid : She gave him Cordials, but all in vain ; till finding the nature of his Diſeaſe, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*. She told him, he had not ſo much Cauſe as he imagin'd, to afflict himſelf ; for if he knew the King ſo well as ſhe did, he wou'd not loſe a Moment in Jealouſie, and that ſhe was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this Minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the ſame Opinion ; and both together, perſwaded him to re-aſſume his Courage ; and all ſitting down on the Carpet, the Prince ſaid ſo many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half perſwaded her to be of his Party. And ſhe promis'd him, ſhe wou'd thus far comply with his juſt Deſires, that ſhe

wou'd

wou'd let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he ſuffer'd, and what he ſaid.

This Diſcourſe laſted till the King call'd, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he aſſum'd a Look as gay as 'twas poſſible a Man in his Circumſtances cou'd do; and preſently after, he was call'd in with the reſt who waited without. The King commanded Muſick to be brought, and ſeveral of his young Wives and Miſtreſſes came all together by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace ſo paſſing all the reſt, as her Beauty was above 'em; and receiv'd the Preſent, ordain'd as a Prize. The Prince was every Moment more charm'd with the

new

new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this fair One: And while he gaz'd, and ſhe danc'd, *Onahal* was retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I ſaid, was one of the Caſt-Miſtreſſes of the old King; and 'twas theſe (now paſt their Beauty) that were made Guardians, or Governants to the new, and the young Ones; and whoſe Buſineſs it was, to teach them all thoſe wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their Turn; and who now treated the triumphing happy Ones with all the Severity, as to Liberty and Freedom, that was poſſible, in revenge of thoſe Honours they rob them of; envying them thoſe Satisfactions, thoſe Gallantries and Preſents, that were once made to themſelves, while Youth and

Beauty laſted, and which they now ſaw paſs were regardleſs by, and pay'd only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it ſelf declining Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find thoſe Careſſes paid to new Beauties, to which once ſhe laid a Claim; to hear 'em whiſper as ſhe paſſes by, *That once was a delicate Woman.* Theſe abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the Deſpights, and Decays of Time, on theſe flouriſhing happy Ones. And 'twas this Severity, that gave *Oroonoko* a thouſand Fears he ſhou'd never prevail with *Onabal*, to ſee *Imoinda*. But, as I ſaid, ſhe was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This young Man was not only one of the beſt Quality, but a Man extreamly

extreamly well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had ſubdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleaſant it was to be in Love: And though ſhe had ſome Decays in her Face, ſhe had none in her Sence and Wit; ſhe was there agreeable ſtill, even to *Aboan's* Youth; ſo that he took pleaſure in entertaining her with Diſcourſes of Love. He knew alſo, that to make his Court to theſe She-Favourites, was the way to be great; theſe being the Perſons that do all Affairs and Buſineſs at Court. He had alſo obſerv'd that ſhe had given him Glances more tender and inviting, than ſhe had done to others of his Quality: And now, when he ſaw that her Favour cou'd ſo abſolutely oblige the Prince, he

fail'd not to ſigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all ſoft upon her, and give her Hope that ſhe had made ſome Impreſſions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thouſand Advances to him; but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that Day, and his Converſation.

Aboan fail'd not that Night to tell the Prince of his Succeſs, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoinda.* The Prince was overjoy'd with this good News, and beſought him, if it were poſſible, to careſs her ſo, as to engage her entirely; which he cou'd not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Deſires: *For then* (ſaid the Prince) *her Life lying at your Mercy, ſhe muſt grant you the Requeſt you make in my Behalf.*

Behalf. *Aboan* underſtood him; and aſſur'd him, he would make Love ſo effectually, that he wou'd defie the moſt expert Miſtreſs of the Art, to find out whether he diſſembl'd it, or had it really. And 'twas with Impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan.*

The Wars came on, the Time of taking the Field approach'd, and 'twas impoſſible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army, to encounter the Enemy: So that every Day ſeem'd a tedious Year, till he ſaw his *Imoinda*; for he believ'd he cou'd not live, if he were forc'd away without being ſo happy. 'Twas with Impatience therefore, that he expected the next Viſit the King wou'd make; and, according to his Wiſh, it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of theſe two Lovers had not paſs'd ſo ſecretly, but an old jealous Lover cou'd ſpy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers, who told him, they obſerv'd it: So that the Prince was haſten'd to the Camp, and this was the laſt Viſit he found he ſhou'd make to the *Otan*; he therefore urg'd *Aboan* to make the beſt of this laſt Effort, and to explain himſelf ſo to *Onahal*, that ſhe, deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to ſpeak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Cuſtom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and antick Poſtures the Women

Royal

Royal made, to divert the King, *Onahal* ſingl'd out *Aboan*, whom ſhe found moſt pliable to her Wiſh. When ſhe had him where ſhe believ'd ſhe cou'd not be heard, ſhe ſigh'd to him, and ſoftly cry'd, *Ah*, Aboan! *When will you be ſenſible of my Paſſion? I confeſs it with my Mouth, becauſe I wou'd not give my Eyes the Lye; and you have but too much already perceiv'd they have confeſs'd my Flame: Nor wou'd I have you believe, that becauſe I am the abandon'd Miſtreſs of a King, I eſteem my ſelf altogether diveſted of Charms. No,* Aboan; *I have ſtill a Reſt of Beauty enough engaging, and have learn'd to pleaſe too well, not to be deſirable. I can have Lovers ſtill, but will have none but* Aboan. *Madam* (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) *you have already, by my Eyes, found, you can ſtill conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me,*

you condeſcend to this kind Confeſſion. But, Madam, Words are us'd to be ſo ſmall a part of our Country-Courtſhip, that 'tis rare one can get ſo happy an Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and thoſe few Minutes we have are forc'd to be ſnatch'd for more certain Proofs of Love, than ſpeaking and ſighing; and ſuch I languiſh for.

He ſpoke this with ſuch a Tone, that ſhe hop'd it true, and cou'd not forbear believing it; and being wholly tranſported with Joy, for having ſubdu'd the fineſt of all the King's Subjects to her Deſires, ſhe took from her Ears two large Pearls, and commanded him to wear 'em in his. He wou'd have refus'd 'em, crying, *Madam, theſe are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone-hour only, that can make me happy.* But forcing the Pearls into his Hand,

Hand, ſhe whiſper'd ſoftly to him, *Oh! Do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love ſets her a-thinking.* And preſſing his Hand, ſhe cry'd, *This Night you ſhall be happy. Come to the Gate of the Orange-Groves, behind the* Otan; *and I will be ready, about Mid-night, to receive you.* 'Twas thus agreed, and ſhe left him, that no notice might be taken of their ſpeaking together.

The Ladies were ſtill dancing, and the King, laid on a Carpet, with a great deal of pleaſure, was beholding them, eſpecially *Imoinda*; who that Day appear'd more lovely than ever, being enliven'd with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her of the conſtant Paſſion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet, at the other end of the Room, with his Eyes fix'd on the Object

of

of his Soul; and as ſhe turn'd, or mov'd, ſo did they; and ſhe alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions: Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other Uſe, than in beholding with infinite Pleaſure the Joy ſhe produc'd in thoſe of the Prince. But while ſhe was more regarding him, than the Steps ſhe took, ſhe chanc'd to fall; and ſo near him, as that leaping with extream force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as ſhe fell; and 'twas viſible to the whole Preſence, the Joy wherewith he receiv'd her: He claſp'd her cloſe to his Boſom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Miſtreſs of a King, and that Puniſhment that is the Reward of a Boldneſs of this nature; and had not the Preſence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety, than her own)

own) befriended him, in making her ſpring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had, at that Inſtant, met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the laſt degree, roſe up in Rage, broke all the Diverſion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and ſent out Word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he ſhou'd ſuffer the Death ordain'd for diſobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whoſe unſeaſonable Tranſport and Careſs of *Imoinda* was blam'd by all Men that lov'd him; and now he perceiv'd his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for ſuch another Moment, he wou'd be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in diſorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was

was particularly concern'd, becauſe on the Prince's Stay depended her Happineſs; for ſhe cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*. So that, e'er they departed, they contriv'd it ſo, that the Prince and he ſhou'd come both that Night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons; and that there they ſhou'd wait her Orders.

They parted thus, with Grief enough, till Night; leaving the King in poſſeſſion of the lovely Maid. But nothing cou'd appeaſe the Jealouſie of the old Lover: He wou'd not be impos'd on, but wou'd have it, that *Imoinda* made a falſe Step on purpoſe to fall into *Oroonoko*'s Boſom, and that all things look'd like a Deſign on both ſides, and 'twas in vain ſhe proteſted her Innocence: He was old and obſtinate, and left her more

than

than half aſſur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, ſent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Meſſenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince penſive, and altogether unpreparing for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the Ground, and anſwer'd very little. This confirm'd the Jealouſie of the King, and he commanded that they ſhou'd very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he ſhou'd not ſtir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other ſhou'd be employ'd to watch him: So that the Hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watch'd to the very

very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was ſeen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no ſooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not knowing any thing of her Happineſs, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the beſt of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own; where he ſhew'd the heighth of Complaiſance for his Prince, when, to give him an Opportunity, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be careſs'd in Bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince ſoftly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little ſurpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet ſhe trembl'd with a thouſand Fears. I believe, he omitted ſaying nothing to this young Maid,

that

that might perſwade her to ſuffer him to ſeize his own, and take the Rights of Love; and I believe ſhe was not long reſiſting thoſe Arms, where ſhe ſo long'd to be; and having Opportunity, Night and Silence, Youth, Love and Deſire, he ſoon prevail'd; and raviſh'd in a Moment, what his old Grand-father had been endeavouring for ſo many Months.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Satisfaction of theſe two young Lovers; nor the Vows ſhe made him, that ſhe remain'd a ſpotleſs Maid, till that Night; and that what ſhe did with his Grand-father, had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour, the Gods, in Mercy and Juſtice, having reſerv'd that for her plighted Lord, to whom of Right it belong'd. And 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Tranſports

he

he ſuffer'd, while he liſten'd to a Diſcourſe ſo charming, from her lov'd Lips; and claſp'd that Body in his Arms, for whom he had ſo long languiſh'd; and nothing now afflicted him, but his ſuddain Departure from her; for he told her the Neceſſity, and his Commands; but ſhou'd depart ſatisfy'd in this, That ſince the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of thoſe Enjoyments which only belong'd to him, he believ'd for the future he wou'd be leſs able to injure him; ſo that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwiſe ſo, than that ſhe was Wife to another: He believ'd her ſafe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet wou'd he have ventur'd at the Conqueſt of the World, and have given it all, to have had her avoided that Honour

of

of receiving the *Royal Veil.* 'Twas thus, between a thouſand Careſſes, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, ſo liable to that cruel Promotion: 'Twas a Glory that cou'd well have been ſpar'd here, though deſir'd, and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how Time ran on, and that the Dawn muſt conduct him far away from his only Happineſs, they heard a great Noiſe in the *Otan*, and unuſual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, ſtarting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battel-Ax he us'd to wear by his Side; and having not ſo much leiſure, as to put on his Habit, he oppos'd himſelf againſt ſome who were already opening the Door;

which they did with ſo much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it; but was forc'd to cry out with a commanding Voice, *Whoever ye are that have the Boldneſs to attempt to approach this Apartment thus rudely, know, that I, the Prince Oroonoko, will revenge it with the certain Death of him that firſt enters: Therefore ſtand back, and know, this place is ſacred to Love, and me this Night; to Morrow 'tis the King's.*

This he ſpoke with a Voice ſo reſolv'd and aſſur'd, that they ſoon retir'd from the Door, but cry'd, *'Tis by the King's Command we are come; and being ſatisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own Safety, as thou art adviſ'd by thy Friends.*

At theſe Words they departed, and left the Prince to take a ſhort and ſad Leave of his *Imoinda*; who truſting in the ſtrength of her Charms, believ'd ſhe ſhou'd appeaſe the Fury of a jealous King, by ſaying, She was ſurpriz'd, and that it was by force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore ſhe haſten'd him to the Camp; and with much a-do, prevail'd on him to go: Nor was it ſhe alone that prevail'd, *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both aſſur'd him of a Lye that ſhou'd be well enough contriv'd to ſecure *Imoinda*. So that, at laſt, with a Heart ſad as Death, dying Eyes, and ſighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his way to the Camp.

It was not long after the King in Perſon came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda* with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedneſs and Perfidy, and threatning her Royal Lover, ſhe fell on her Face at his Feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his Pardon for a Fault which ſhe had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was alſo proſtrate with her, cou'd teſtifie: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and raviſh'd her. She ſpoke this much againſt her Conſcience; but to ſave her own Life, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhou'd feign this Falſity. She knew it cou'd not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that wou'd ſtand by him, againſt any Injuries that ſhou'd aſſault him. However, this

this laſt Thought of *Imoinda*'s being raviſh'd, chang'd the Meaſures of his Revenge; and whereas before he deſign'd to be himſelf her Executioner, he now reſolv'd ſhe ſhou'd not die. But as it is the greateſt Crime in nature amongſt 'em to touch a Woman, after having been poſſeſs'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother; ſo now he look'd on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor wou'd he reſign her to his Grand-ſon, becauſe ſhe had receiv'd the *Royal Veil*. He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*; whom he put into ſafe Hands, with Order they ſhou'd be both ſold off, as Slaves, to another Country, either *Chriſtian*, or *Heathen*; 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worſe than Death, they implor'd, might be revers'd; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in Execution accordingly, and that with ſo much Secrecy, that none, either without, or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Ablence, or their Deſtiny.

The old King, nevertheleſs, executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believ'd he had made a very great Conqueſt over himſelf, when he had once reſolv'd, and had perform'd what he reſolv'd. He believ'd now, that his Love had been unjuſt; and that he cou'd not expect the Gods, or Captain of the Clouds, (as they call the unknown Power) ſhou'd ſuffer a better Conſequence from ſo ill a Cauſe. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excus'd; and

to ſay, he had Reaſon for what he did: And now every Body cou'd aſſure the King, how paſſionately *Imoinda* was belov'd by the Prince; even thoſe confeſs'd it now, who ſaid the contrary before his Flame was abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himſelf in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man diſoblig'd, firſt by the Rape of his Miſtreſs, or rather, Wife; and now by depriving of him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him deſperate, and do ſome cruel thing, either to himſelf, or his old Grand-father, the Offender; he began to repent him extreamly of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Beſides, he conſider'd he ought in

Honour to have kill'd her, for this Offence, if it had been one: He ought to have had ſo much Value and Conſideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to death; and not to have ſold her like a common Slave, the greateſt Revenge, and the moſt diſgraceful of any; and to which they a thouſand times prefer Death, and implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* wou'd highly reſent this Affront, he thought good to make ſome Excuſe for his Raſhneſs to him; and to that End he ſent a Meſſenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Pardon, and to endeavour to mitigate his Grief; but that by no means he ſhou'd tell him, ſhe was ſold, but ſecretly put to death;

for

for he knew he ſhou'd never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Meſſenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of Engaging with the Enemy; but as ſoon as he heard of the Arrival of the Meſſenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embrac'd him, and receiv'd him with Joy; which was ſoon abated, by the down-caſt Looks of the Meſſenger, who was inſtantly demanded the Cauſe by *Oroonoko*, who, impatient of Delay, ask'd a thouſand Queſtions in a Breath; and all concerning *Imoinda*: But there needed little Return, for he cou'd almoſt anſwer himſelf of all he demanded, from his Sighs and Eyes. At laſt, the Meſſenger caſting himſelf at the Prince's Feet, and kiſſing them, with all the Submiſſion of a Man that had ſomething to implore

which

which he dreaded to utter, he beſought him to hear with Calmneſs what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and Heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himſelf againſt the ungrateful things he muſt relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languiſhing Voice,--*I am arm'd againſt their worſt Efforts*------; *for I know they will tell me*, Imoinda *is no more*----; *and after that, you may ſpare the reſt.* Then, commanding him to riſe, he laid himſelf on a Carpet, under a rich Pavillion, and remain'd a good while ſilent, and was hardly heard to ſigh. When he was come a little to himſelf, the Meſſenger ask'd him leave to deliver that part of his Embaſſy, which the Prince had not yet devin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee*--- Then he told him the Affliction

the

the old King was in, for the Raſhneſs he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he daign'd to ask Pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince wou'd not ſuffer that Loſs to touch his Heart too ſenſibly, which now all the Gods cou'd not reſtore him, but might recompence him in Glory, which he begg'd he wou'd purſue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, wou'd ſoon even the Account between him, and a feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Maſter; and to aſſure him, there was no Account of Revenge to be adjuſted between them; if there were, 'twas he was the Agreſſor, and that Death wou'd be juſt, and, maugre his Age, wou'd ſee him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of

Glory

Glory to Youths more fortunate, and worthy of that Favour from the Gods. That henceforth he wou'd never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow; but abandon the ſmall Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grand-father had thought good to ſend out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence, and Beauty.

After having ſpoken this, whatever his greateſt Officers, and Men of the beſt Rank cou'd do, they cou'd not raiſe him from the Carpet, or perſwade him to Action, and Reſolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he ſhut himſelf into his Pavillion all that Day, while the Enemy was ready to engage; and wondring at the Delay, the whole Body of the chief

of

of the Army then addreſs'd themſelves to him, and to whom they had much a-do to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the Foot of his Carpet; where they lay, and beſought him with earneſt Prayers and Tears, to lead 'em forth to Battel, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implor'd him to have regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications but this, That he had now no more Buſineſs for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care. *Go,* (continu'd he, ſighing) *and divide it amongſt you; and reap with Joy what you ſo vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Deſtiny.*

They then demanded what they ſhou'd do, and whom he wou'd

wou'd conſtitute in his Room, that the Confuſion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, He wou'd not give himſelf the Trouble----; but wiſh'd 'em to chuſe the braveſt Man amongſt 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it wou'd: *For, O my Friends* (ſaid he!) *it is not Titles make Men brave, or good; or Birth that beſtows Courage and Generoſity, or makes the Owner happy. Believe this, when you behold* Oroonoko, *the moſt wretched, and abandon'd by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.* So turning himſelf about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they cou'd urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unſucceſsful, with ſad Faces, and ominous Looks, that

preſag'd

preſag'd no good Luck, ſuffer'd a thouſand Fears to take Poſſeſſion of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon 'em, before they wou'd provide for their Safety, by any Defence; and though they were aſſur'd by ſome, who had a mind to animate 'em, that they ſhou'd be immediately headed by the Prince, and that in the mean time *Aboan* had Orders to command as General; yet they were ſo diſmay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they cou'd make but a very feeble Reſiſtance; and at laſt, down-right, fled before the Enemy, who purſu'd 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor cou'd all *Aboan*'s Courage, which that Day gain'd him immortal Glory, ſhame 'em into a Manly Defence of themſelves. The Guards that were left behind,

about

about the Prince's Tent, ſeeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and ſcatter themſelves all over the Plain, in great Diſorder, made ſuch Out-cries as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd bury'd for two Days, without permitting any Suſtenance to approach him: But, in ſpight of all his Reſolutions, he had not the Conſtancy of Grief to that Degree, as to make him inſenſible of the Danger of his Army; and in that Inſtant he leap'd from his Couch, and cry'd, --*Come, if we muſt die, let us meet Death the nobleſt Way; and 'twill be more like* Oroonoko *to encounter him at an Army's Head, oppoſing the Torrent of a conquering Foe, than lazily, on a Couch, to wait his lingering Pleaſure, and die every Moment by a thouſand wrecking Thought; or be tamely taken by an*

Enemy,

Enemy, and led a whining, Love-ſick Slave, to adorn the Triumphs of Jamoan, *that young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the Limits I had preſcrib'd him.*

While he was ſpeaking, he ſuffer'd his People to dreſs him for the Field; and ſallying out of his Pavillion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he ſhew'd, he appear'd like ſome Divine Power deſcended to ſave his Country from Deſtruction; and his People had purpoſely put him on all things that might make him ſhine with moſt Splendor, to ſtrike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickeſt of thoſe that were purſuing his Men; and being animated with Deſpair, he fought as if he came on purpoſe to die, and did ſuch things as will not be believ'd that Humane

Strength cou'd perform; and ſuch as ſoon inſpir'd all the reſt with new Courage, and new Order: And now it was, that they began to fight indeed; and ſo, as if they wou'd not be out-done, even by their ador'd *Hero*; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing abſolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conqueſt; and *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to ſingle out *Jamoan*, he took him Priſoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almoſt to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; ſo that he never put him amongſt the Rank of Captives, as they us'd to do, without diſtinction, for the common Sale, or Market; but kept him

in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Priſoner, but the Name, and return'd no more into his own Country, ſo great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*; and by a thouſand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Diſeaſe of Melancholy and Languiſhment; which I have often heard him ſay, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Converſation of this Prince and *Aboan*, the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have ſpoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infus'd into his young Pupil. This *French*-Man was baniſh'd out of his own Country, for ſome Heretical Notions he held; and though he was a Man of very little Religion, he

had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan*'s Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they ſpent ſome time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chuſing rather to remain a while there in his Tents, than enter into a Place, or live in a Court where he had ſo lately ſuffer d ſo great a Loſs. The Officers therefore, who ſaw and knew his Cauſe of Diſcontent, invented all ſorts of Diverſions and Sports, to entertain their Prince: So that what with thoſe Amuzements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Perſwaſions, Arguments and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in time a great part of that *Shagrien*, and Torture of De-

ſpair,

ſpair, which the firſt Efforts of *Imoinda*'s Death had given him: Inſomuch as having receiv'd a thouſand kind Embaſſies from the King, and Invitations to return to Court, he obey'd, though with no little Reluctancy; and when he did ſo, there was a viſible Change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time leſſens all Extreams, and reduces 'em to *Mediums* and Unconcern; but no Motives or Beauties, though all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any ſort of Amour, though he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and others Ambitions and Deſigns.

Oroonoko was no ſooner return'd from this laſt Conqueſt, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy

and Magnificence that cou'd be expreſs'd to a young Victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, when there arriv'd in the Port an *Engliſh* Ship.

This Perſon had often before been in theſe Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the ſame with his Predeceſſors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer ſort of Addreſs, and Converſation, better bred, and more engaging, than moſt of that ſort of Men are; ſo that he ſeem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almoſt all his Life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than moſt of the Traders to thoſe Countries were; and

eſpecially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more Delight in the *White* Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he ſold abundance of his Slaves; and for the Favour and Eſteem he had for him, made him many Preſents, and oblig'd him to ſtay at Court as long as poſſibly he cou'd. Which the Captain ſeem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince every Day with Globes and Maps, and Mathematical Diſcourſes and Inſtruments; eating, drinking, hunting and living with him with ſo much Familiarity, that it was not to be doubted, but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain,

in Return of all theſe mighty Favours, beſought the Prince to honour his Veſſel with his Preſence, ſome Day or other, to Dinner, before he ſhou'd ſet Sail; which he condeſcended to accept, and appointed his Day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a Readineſs, in the moſt magnificent Order he cou'd poſſibly: And the Day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet-Cuſhions, row'd to the Shoar to receive the Prince; with another Long-Boat, where was plac'd all his Muſick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extreamly delighted; who met him on the Shoar, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the nobleſt of the Youths of the Court:

Court: And after they had firſt carry'd the Prince on Board, the Boats fetch'd the reſt off; where they found a very ſplendid Treat, with all ſorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas poſſible in ſuch a place to be.

The Prince having drunk hard of Punch, and ſeveral Sorts of Wine, as did all the reſt (for great Care was taken, they ſhou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great Admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; ſo that he was curious of beholding every place, where he decently might deſcend. The reſt, no leſs curious, who were not quite overcome with Drinking, rambl'd at their pleaſure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well

well laid his Deſign before, gave the Word, and ſeiz'd on all his Gueſts; they clapping great Irons ſuddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down in the Hold, to view that part of the Veſſel; and locking him faſt down, ſecur'd him. The ſame Treachery was us'd to all the reſt; and all in one Inſtant, in ſeveral places of the Ship, were laſh'd faſt in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Deſign over, they ſet all Hands to work to hoiſe Sail; and with as treacherous and fair a Wind, they made from the Shoar with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing leſs than ſuch an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave, in the Captain; but I will ſpare my Sence of it, and leave it to my Reader, to judge as he pleaſes.

It

It may be eaſily gueſs'd, in what manner the Prince reſented this Indignity, who may be beſt reſembl'd to a Lion taken in a Toil; ſo he rag'd, ſo he ſtruggl'd for Liberty, but all in vain; and they had ſo wiſely manag'd his Fetters, that he cou'd not uſe a Hand in his Defence, to quit himſelf of a Life that wou'd by no Means endure Slavery; nor cou'd he move from the Place, where he was ty'd, to any ſolid part of the Ship, againſt which he might have beat his Head, and have finiſh'd his Diſgrace that way: So that being deprived of all other means, he reſolved to periſh for want of Food: And pleaſed at laſt with that Thought, and toil'd and tired by Rage and Indignation, he laid himſelf down, and ſullenly reſolved upon dying, and

and refuſed all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more ſo, becauſe, he found almoſt all of 'em of the ſame Humour; ſo that the loſs of ſo many brave Slaves, ſo tall and goodly to behold, wou'd have been very conſiderable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he wou'd not be ſeen himſelf) to *Oroonoko*, and to aſſure him he was afflicted for having raſhly done ſo unhoſpitable a Deed, and which cou'd not be now remedied, ſince they were far from ſhore; but ſince he reſented it in ſo high a nature, he aſſur'd him he wou'd revoke his Reſolution, and ſet both him and his Friends a-ſhore on the next Land they ſhou'd touch at; and of this the Meſſenger gave him

him his Oath, provided he wou'd reſolve to live: And *Oroonoko*, whoſe Honour was ſuch as he never had violated a Word in his Life himſelf, much leſs a ſolemn Aſſeveration; believ'd in an inſtant what this Man ſaid, but reply'd, He expected for a Confirmation of this, to have his ſhameful Fetters diſmiſs'd. This Demand was carried to the *Captain*, who return'd him anſwer, That the Offence had been ſo great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durſt not truſt him with Liberty while he remained in the Ship, for fear leſt by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit ſome Outrage fatal to himſelf and the *King* his Maſter, to whom his Veſſel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* replied,

ed, he would engage his Honour to behave himſelf in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the Command of the *Captain*, as he was Lord of the *King's* Veſſel, and General of thoſe Men under his Command.

This was deliver'd to the ſtill doubting *Captain*, who could not reſolve to truſt a *Heathen* he ſaid, upon his Parole, a Man that had no ſence or notion of the God that he Worſhipp'd. *Oroonoko* then replied, He was very ſorry to hear that the *Captain* pretended to the Knowledge and Worſhip of any *Gods*, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to Credit as he would be Credited: but they told him the Difference of their Faith occaſion'd that Diſtruſt: For the *Captain* had proteſted to him upon the Word of a *Chriſtian*,

and

and ſworn in the Name of a Great GOD; which if he ſhou.d violate, he would expect eternal Torment in the World to come. *Is that all the Obligation he has to be Juſt to his Oath*, replied *Oroonoko*? *Let him know I Swear by my Honour, which to violate, wou'd not only render me contemptible and deſpiſed by all brave and honeſt Men, and ſo give my ſelf perpetual pain, but it wou'd be eternally offending and diſeaſing all Mankind, harming, betraying, circumventing and outraging all Men; but Puniſhments hereafter are ſuffer'd by ones ſelf; and the World takes no cognizances whether this* God *have revenged em, or not, tis done ſo ſecretly, and deferr'd ſo long: While the Man of no Honour, ſuffers every moment the ſcorn and contempt of the honeſter World, and dies every day ignominiouſly in his Fame, which*

is more valuable than Life: I ſpeak not this to move Belief, but to ſhew you how you miſtake, when you imagine, That he who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word with his Gods. So turning from him with a diſdainful ſmile, he refuſed to anſwer him, when he urg'd him to know what Anſwer he ſhou'd carry back to his *Captain*; ſo that he departed without ſaying any more.

The *Captain* pondering and conſulting what to do, it was concluded that nothing but *Oroonoko*'s Liberty wou'd encourage any of the reſt to eat, except the *French*-man, whom the *Captain* cou'd not pretend to keep Priſoner, but only told him he was ſecured becauſe he might act ſomething in favour of the Prince, but that he ſhou'd be freed as ſoon

as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly neceſſary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might ſhow himſelf to the reſt; that they might have an Eye upon him, and that they cou'd not fear a ſingle Man.

This being reſolv'd, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himſelf went to *Oroonoko*; where, after many Compliments, and Aſſurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his *Parole*, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, diſmiſs'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and repos'd him a while, for he had neither eat nor ſlept in four Days before, he beſought him to viſit thoſe obſtinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner

of Suſtenance ; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and aſſure 'em of their Liberty the firſt Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous, not to give Credit to his Words, ſhew'd himſelf to his People, who were tranſported with Exceſs of Joy at the ſight of their Darling Prince ; falling at his Feet, and kiſſing and embracing 'em ; believing, as ſome Divine Oracle, all he aſſur'd 'em. But he beſought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became thoſe whom he had ſeen act ſo nobly in Arms ; and that they cou'd not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendſhip, ſince 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) cou'd have, againſt the Revenge, he ſaid, they might poſſibly juſtly take, for the

Injuries

Injuries ſuſtain'd by him. And they all, with one Accord, aſſur'd him, they cou'd not ſuffer enough, when it was for his Repoſe and Safety.

After this they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, ſince by it they hop'd to redeem the Prince, who, all the reſt of the Voyage, was treated with all the Reſpect due to his Birth, though nothing cou'd divert his Melancholy; and he wou'd often ſigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Puniſhment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Poſſeſs'd with a thouſand Thoughts of paſt Joys with this fair young Perſon, and a thouſand

Griefs for her eternal Loſs, he endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at laſt arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver ſome part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on Board, to demand thoſe Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongſt thoſe, the Over-ſeers of thoſe Plantations where I then chanc'd to be, the Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up thoſe noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have ſpoken of; and having put 'em, ſome in one, and ſome in other Lots, with Women and Children (which they call *Pickaninies*,) they ſold 'em off, as Slaves, to ſeveral Merchants and Gentlemen; not

putting

putting any two in one Lot, becauſe they wou'd ſeparate 'em far from each other; not daring to truſt 'em together, leſt Rage and Courage ſhou'd put 'em upon contriving ſome great Action, to the Ruin of the Colony.

Oroonoko was firſt ſeiz'd on, and ſold to our Over-ſeer, who had the firſt Lot, with ſeventeen more of all ſorts and ſizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he ſaw this, he found what they meant; for, as I ſaid, he underſtood *Engliſh* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceleſs, ſo as it was in vain to make any Reſiſtance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and diſdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes, that forc'd Bluſhes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd, in paſſing over the Side of the Ship,

Farewel, Sir: 'Tis worth my Suffering, to gain ſo true a Knowledge both of you, and of your Gods by whom you ſwear. And deſiring thoſe that held him to forbear their pains, and telling 'em he wou'd make no Reſiſtance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves; let us deſcend, and ſee if we can meet with more Honour and Honeſty in the next World we ſhall touch upon.* So he nimbly leap'd into the Boat, and ſhewing no more Concern, ſuffer'd himſelf to be row'd up the River, with his ſeventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him was a young *Corniſh* Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into thoſe Parts by the Lord----- Governor, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the laſt Words of *Oroonoko* to the

Captain,

Captain, and beholding the Richneſs of his Veſt, no ſooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding ſomething ſo extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mien, a Greatneſs of Look, and Haughtineſs in his Air, and finding he ſpoke *Engliſh*, had a great mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune; which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confeſſing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* ſoon found he was yet ſomething greater than he confeſs'd; and from that Moment began to conceive ſo vaſt an Eſteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his deareſt Brother, and ſhew'd him all the Civilities due to ſo great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguiſt; cou'd

ſpeak *French* and *Spaniſh*; and in the three Days they remain'd in the Boat (for ſo long were they going from the Ship, to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* ſo agreeably with his Art and Diſcourſe, that he was no leſs pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himſelf, at leaſt, fortunate in this, that ſince he was a Slave, as long as he wou'd ſuffer himſelf to remain ſo, he had a Man of ſo excellent Wit and Parts for a Maſter: So that before they had finiſh'd their Voyage up the River, he made no ſcruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and moſt part of what I have here related, and put himſelf wholly into the Hands of his new Friend, whom he found reſenting all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatneſſes of his Actions;

ctions; which were recited with that Modeſty, and delicate Sence, as wholly vanquiſh'd him, and ſubdu'd him to his Intereſt. And he promis'd him on his Word and Honour, he wou d find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again: aſſuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of ſo diſhonourable an Action; and that he wou'd ſooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of ſuch a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concern'd to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promis'd to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he ſhou'd have an Account of 'em.

Though, as *Oroonoko* afterwards ſaid, he had little Reaſon to credit the Words of a *Backearary*, yet he knew not why; but he ſaw a kind

of

of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he ſaw an Honeſty in his Eyes, and he found him wiſe and witty enough to underſtand Honour; for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit cou'd not be a Knave or Villain.*

In their paſſage up the River, they put in at ſeveral Houſes for Refreſhment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People wou'd flock to behold this Man; not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the ſight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in Admiration of his Beauty. Beſides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, ſo different from the reſt, and which the Captain cou'd not ſtrip him of, becauſe he was forc'd to ſurprize his Perſon in the Minute he ſold him. When he found his

Habit

Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gaz'd at the more, he begg d *Trefry* to give him ſomething more befitting a Slave; which he did, and took off his Robes. Nevertheleſs, he ſhone through all; and his *Oſenbrigs* (a ſort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mien; and he had no leſs Admirers, than when he had his dazeling Habit on: The Royal Youth appear'd in ſpight of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without deſigning it: As ſoon as they approach'd him, they venerated and eſteem'd him; his Eyes inſenſibly commanded Reſpect, and his Behaviour inſinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talk'd of but this young and gallant Slave, even by thoſe who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the *Chriſtians* never buy any Slaves but they give 'em ſome Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; ſo that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cæſar*; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (ſcarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*; for 'tis moſt evident, he wanted no part of the Perſonal Courage of that *Cæſar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in ſome part of the World repleniſh'd with People, and Hiſtorians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obſcure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; though I doubt not but it had liv'd from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who, immediately after his

Time,

Time, took that Country, had not kill'd, baniſh'd and diſpers'd all thoſe that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who deſign'd it, dy'd before he began it; and bemoan'd himſelf for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore, I muſt call *Oroonoko*, *Cæſar*, ſince by that Name only he was known in our Weſtern World, and by that Name he was receiv'd on Shoar at *Parham-Houſe*, where he was deſtin'd a Slave. But if the King himſelf (God bleſs him) had come a-ſhore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectations by all the whole Plantation, and thoſe neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was receiv'd more like a Governor, than

a Slave.

a Slave. Notwithſtanding, as the Cuſtom was, they aſſign'd him his Portion of Land, his Houſe, and his Buſineſs, up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Deſign, to put him to his Task, he endur'd no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd ſome Days in the Houſe, receiving all Viſits that were made him, without ſtirring towards that part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At laſt, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his Houſe, and the Buſineſs aſſign'd him. But he no ſooner came to the Houſes of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it ſelf, the *Negroes* all having left Work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at ſeveral times, ſold moſt of 'em to theſe

Parts;

Parts; and, from a Veneration they pay to great Men, eſpecially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the ſight of him, they all caſt themſelves at his Feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* And kiſſing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several *Engliſh* Gentlemen were with him; and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em, was here confirm'd; of which he himſelf before had no other Witneſs than *Cæſar* himſelf: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandure confirm'd by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Cæſar troubl'd with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, beſought 'em to riſe, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; aſſuring them, he was no better. At which

they

they ſet up with one Accord a moſt terrible and hidious Mourning and condoling, which he and the *Engliſh* had much a-do to appeaſe; but at laſt they prevail'd with 'em, and they prepar'd all their barbarous Muſick, and every one kill'd and dreſs'd ſomething of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land a-part, on which, at their leiſure-times, they breed all eatable things;) and clubbing it together, made a moſt magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Preſence; which he did, and ſeveral *Engliſh* with him; where they all waited on him, ſome playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their ſeveral Nations; and with unwearied Induſtry, endeavouring to pleaſe and delight him.

While

While they ſat at Meat Mr. *Trefry* told *Cæſar*, that moſt of theſe young *Slaves* were undon in Love, with a fine ſhe *Slave*, whom they had had about Six Months on their Land; the *Prince*, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curioſity of examining further into that tale, which of all Diſcourſes was moſt agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be ſo Unhappy, as to be all Undon for one fair *Slave*? *Trefry*, who was naturally Amorous, and lov'd to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the moſt charming Black that ever was beheld on their *Plantation*, about Fifteen or Sixteen Years old, as he gueſt; that, for his part, he had done nothing but Sigh for her

ever ſince ſhe came; and that all the white Beautys he had ſeen, never charm'd him ſo abſolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in Love with her; and that ſhe had all the *Slaves* perpetually at her Feet; and the whole Country reſounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for ſo, ſaid he, we have Chriſt'ned her: But ſhe denys us all with ſuch a noble Diſdain, that 'tis a Miracle to ſee, that ſhe, who can give ſuch eternal Deſires, ſhou'd herſelf be all Ice, and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the moſt Graceful Modeſty that ever beautifyed Youth; the ſofteſt Sigher —— that, if ſhe were capable of Love, one would ſwear ſhe languiſh'd for ſome abſent happy Man; and

ſo

ſo retir'd, as if ſhe fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day; or that the Breezes would ſteal Kiſſes from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work ſome ſighing Lover every day makes it his Petition to perform for her, which ſhe excepts bluſhing, and with reluctancy, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not preſume to hope; ſo great an Awe ſhe ſtrikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. *I do not wonder,* replied the Prince, *that* Clemene *ſhou'd refuſe Slaves, being as you ſay ſo Beautiful, but wonder how ſhe eſcapes thoſe who can entertain her as you can do; or why, being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield. I confeſs,* ſaid *Trefry, when I have, againſt her will, entertain'd her with Love ſo long, as to be tranſported*

with my Paſſion; even above Decency, I have been ready to make uſe of thoſe advantages of Strength and Force Nature has given me. But oh! ſhe diſarms me, with that Modeſty and Weeping ſo tender and ſo moving, that I retire, and thank my Stars ſhe overcame me. The Company laught at his Civility to a *Slave*, and *Cæſar* only applauded the nobleneſs of his Paſſion and Nature; ſince that Slave might be Noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus paſt they this Night, after having received, from the *Slaves*, all imaginable Reſpect and Obedience.

The next Day *Trefry* ask'd *Cæſar* to walk, when the heat was allay'd, and deſignedly carried him by the Cottage of the *fair Slave*; and told

told him, ſhe whom he ſpoke of laſt Night liv'd there retir'd. *But*, ſays he, *I would not wiſh you to approach, for, I am ſure, you will be in Love as ſoon as you behold her.* *Cæſar* aſſur'd him, he was proof againſt all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagin'd his Heart cou'd be ſo perfidious to Love again, after *Imoinda*, he believ'd he ſhou'd tear it from his Boſom: They had no ſooner ſpoke, but a little ſhock Dog, that *Clemene* had preſented her, which ſhe took great Delight in, ran out; and ſhe, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on thoſe who were juſt Speaking of her: When ſeeing them, ſhe wou'd have run in again; but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, Clemene, *however you*

ſly a Lover, you ought to pay ſome Reſpect to this Stranger: (pointing to *Cæſar*) But ſhe, as if ſhe had reſolv'd never to raiſe her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he ſpoke, and gave the *Prince* the Leaſure to look the more at her. There needed no long Gazing, or Conſideration, to examin who this fair Creature was; he ſoon ſaw *Imoinda* all over her; in a Minute he ſaw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modeſty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body deſtitute of almoſt Life; it ſtood without Motion, and, for a Minute, knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himſelf, ſo oppreſt he was with over-Joy, if he had not met

with

with this Allay, that he perceiv'd *Imoinda* fall dead in the Hands of *Trefry*: this awaken'd him, and he ran to her aid, and caught her in his Arms, where, by degrees, ſhe came to herſelf; and 'tis needleſs to tell with what tranſports, what extaſies of Joy, they both a while beheld each other, without Speaking; then Snatcht each other to their Arms; then Gaze again, as if they ſtill doubted whether they poſſeſs'd the Bleſſing: They Graſpt, but when they recovered their Speech, 'tis not to be imagin'd, what tender things they expreſt to each other; wondering what ſtrange Fate had brought 'em again together. They ſoon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but, at the ſame

time, they mutually proteſted, that even Fetters and Slavery were Soft and Eaſy; and wou'd be ſupported with Joy and Pleaſure, while they cou'd be ſo happy to poſſeſs each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cæſar* ſwore he diſdain'd the Empire of the World, while he cou'd behold his *Imoinda*; and ſhe deſpis'd Grandure and Pomp, thoſe Vanities of her Sex, when ſhe cou'd Gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where ſhe reſided, and ſaid, That little Inch of the World wou'd give him more Happineſs than all the Univerſe cou'd do; and ſhe vow'd, It was a Pallace, while adorn'd with the Preſence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry was infinitely pleas'd with this Novel, and found this *Clemene*

mene was the Fair Miſtreſs of whom *Cæſar* had before ſpoke; and was not a little ſatisfied, that Heaven was ſo kind to the *Prince*, as to ſweeten his Misfortunes by ſo lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themſelves, was impatient to come down to *Parham Houſe*, (which was on the ſame *Plantation*) to give me an Account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make theſe Lovers a Viſit, having already made a Friendſhip with *Cæſar*; and from his own Mouth learn'd what I have related, which was confirmed by his French-man, who was ſet on Shore to ſeek his Fortunes; and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, becauſe a Chriſtian; and he came daily to *Parham Hill* to ſee and pay his Reſpects

to his Puple *Prince*: So that concerning and interesting my self, in all that related to *Cæsar*, whom I had assur'd of Liberty, as soon as the Governor arriv'd, I hasted presently to the Place where the Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this Beautiful young *Slave* (who had already gain'd all our Esteems, for her Modesty and her extraordinary Prettyness) to be the same I had heard *Cæsar* speak so much off. One may imagine then, we paid her a treble Respect; and though from her being carv'd in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet, when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we cou'd not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that those

thoſe who are Nobly born of that Country, are ſo delicately Cut and Rac'd all over the fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were Japan'd; the Works being raiſed like high Poynt round the Edges of the Flowers: Some are only Carv'd with a little Flower, or Bird, at the Sides of the Temples, as was *Cæſar*; and thoſe who are ſo Carv'd over the Body, reſemble our Ancient *Picts*, that are figur'd in the Chronicles, but theſe Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy Day *Cæſar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general Joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country wou'd afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very ſhort time after ſhe

con-

conceiv'd with Child ; which made *Cæſar* even adore her, knowing he was the laſt of his Great Race. This new Accident made him more Impatient of Liberty, and he was every Day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty ; and offer'd either Gold, or a vaſt quantity of Slaves, which ſhou'd be paid before they let him go, provided he cou'd have any Security that he ſhou'd go when his Ranſom was paid : They fed him from Day to Day with Promiſes, and delay'd him, till the Lord Governor ſhou'd come ; ſo that he began to ſuſpect them of falſhood, and that they wou'd delay him till the time of his Wives delivery, and make a Slave of that too, For all the Breed is

theirs to whom the Parents belong: This Thought made him very uneaſy, and his Sullenneſs gave them ſome Jealouſies of him; ſo that I was oblig'd, by ſome Perſons, who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very Fatal ſometimes in thoſe Colonies, that abound ſo with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vaſt Numbers) to diſcourſe with *Cæſar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I poſſibly cou'd; they knew he and *Clemene* were ſcarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable of: I entertain'd him with the Lives of the Romans, and great Men, which charm'd him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Miſtreſs off;

off; and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavoring to bring her to the knowledge of the true God. But of all Diſcourſes *Cæſar* lik'd that the worſt, and wou'd never be reconcil'd to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jeſt; it was a Riddle, he ſaid, wou'd turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him underſtand what Faith was. However, theſe Converſations fail'd not altogether ſo well to divert him, that he lik'd the Company of us Women much above the Men; for he cou'd not Drink; and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot: So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, eſpecially my ſelf, whom he call'd his

his *Great Miſtreſs* ; and indeed my Word wou'd go a great way with him. For theſe Reaſons, I had Opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleas'd of late, as he us'd to be; was more retir'd and thoughtful; and told him, I took it Ill he ſhou'd Suſpect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not ſo long a way, but when he was once on his Voyage he wou'd quickly arrive there. He made me ſome Anſwers that ſhew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask him, what advantage it wou'd be to doubt? it would but give us a Fear of him, and poſſibly compel us to treat him ſo as I ſhou'd be

very

very loath to behold: that is, it might occaſion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not ſo Luckily ſpoke of me, for I perceiv'd he reſented that Word, which I ſtrove to Soften again in vain: However, he aſſur'd me, that whatſoever Reſolutions he ſhou'd take, he wou'd Act nothing upon the White-People; and as for my ſelf, and thoſe upon that *Plantation* where he was, he wou'd ſooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it ſelf, than lift his Hand againſt his greateſt Enemy on that Place: He beſought me to ſuffer no Fears upon his Account, for he cou'd do nothing that Honour ſhou'd not dictate; but he accus'd himſelf for having ſuffer'd Slavery ſo long; yet he charg'd that weakneſs on Love alone, who

was capable of making him neglect even Glory it ſelf; and, for which, now he reproches himſelf every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he ſpoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he wou'd not be long in Bondage; and though he ſuffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was ſufficient to render him Uneaſy; and he had been too long Idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms: He had a Spirit all Rough and Fierce, and that cou'd not be tam'd to lazy Reſt; and though all endeavors were us'd to exerciſe himſelf in ſuch Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as Running, Wraſtling, Pitching the Bar, Hunting and Fiſhing,

Chaſing and Killing *Tigers* of a monſtrous Size, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful *Snakes*, ſuch as *Alexander* is reported to have incounter'd at the River of *Amozons*, and which *Cæſar* took great Delight to overcome; yet theſe were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was ſtill panting after more renown'd Action.

Before I parted that Day with him, I got, with much ado, a Promiſe from him to reſt yet a little longer with Patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governor, who was every Day expected on our Shore; he aſſur'd me he wou'd, and this Promiſe he deſired me to know was given perfectly in Complaiſance to me,

in

in whom he had an intire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to truſt him much out of our View, nor did the Country who fear'd him; but with one accord it was advis'd to treat him Fairly, and oblige him to remain within ſuch a compaſs, and that he ſhou d be permitted, as ſeldom as cou'd be, to go up to the Plantations of the Negroes; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by ſome that ſhou'd be rather in appearance Attendants than Spys. This Care was for ſome time taken, and *Cæſar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Reſpect, and was glad his diſcontent had oblig'd 'em to be more obſervant to him; he received new aſſurance from

the Overſeer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him: During this time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleaſant to relate to you the Diverſions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My ſtay was to be ſhort in that Country, becauſe my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to poſſeſs the Honour was deſign'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of Six and thirty Iſlands, beſides the Continent of *Surinam*) nor the advantages he hop'd to reap by them; ſo that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend

intend to ſtay upon the Place: Though, in a Word, I muſt ſay thus much of it, That certainly had his late Majeſty, of ſacred Memory, but ſeen and known what a vaſt and charming World he had been Maſter off in that Continent, he would never have parted ſo Eaſily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent whoſe vaſt Extent was never yet known, and may contain more Noble Earth than all the Univerſe beſides; for, they ſay, it reaches from Eaſt to Weſt; one Way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things both for Beauty and Uſe; 'tis there Eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May* and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees, bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit,

from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn ; Groves of Oranges, Limons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies. The Trees appearing all like Noſegays adorn'd with Flowers of different kind ; ſome are all White, ſome Purple, ſome Scarlet, ſome Blew, ſome Yellow ; bearing, at the ſame time, Ripe Fruit and Blooming Young, or producing every Day new. The very Wood of all theſe Trees have an intrinſick Value above common Timber ; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold ; and bear a Price conſiderable, to inlay withal. Beſides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums ; ſo that we make our Candles of ſuch an Aromatick Subſtance, as

does not only give a ſufficient Light, but, as they Burn, they caſt their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common Firing, and all the Houſes are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when ſet on the Table, if it be Native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room; eſpecially a little Beaſt call'd an *Armadilly*, a thing which I can liken to nothing ſo well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Armor ſo joynted, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on; this Beaſt is about the bigneſs of a Pig of Six Weeks old. But it were endleſs to give an Account of all the divers Wonderfull and Strange things that Country affords, and which we took a very great Delight to go in ſearch of; though

thoſe adventures are oftentimes Fatal and at leaſt Dangerous: But while we had *Cæſar* in our Company on theſe Deſigns we fear'd no harm, nor ſuffer'd any.

As ſoon as I came into the Country, the beſt Houſe in it was preſented me, call'd St. *John's Hill.* It ſtood on a vaſt Rock of white Marble, at the Foot of which the River ran a vaſt depth down, and not to be deſcended on that ſide; the little Waves ſtill daſhing and waſhing the foot of this Rock, made the ſofteſt Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the Opoſite Bank was adorn'd with ſuch vaſt quantities of different Flowers eternally Blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a Thouſand rare

Forms

Forms and Colours, that the Proſpect was the moſt raving that Sands can create. On the Edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Limon Trees, about half the length of the Marl hear, whoſe Flowery and Fruity bear Branches meet at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whoſe Rays are very fierce there, from entering a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hotteſt Hours of the Day, but refreſh'd the ſweet Bloſſoms, and made it always Sweet and harming; and ſure the whole Globe of the World cannot ſhow ſo delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boaſted

Italy

Italy cen produce a Shade to outvie this, which Nature had joyn'd with Art to render ſo exceeding Fine ; and 'tis a marvel to ſee how ſuch vaſt Trees, as big as Engliſh Oaks, cou'd take footing on ſo ſolid a Rock, and in ſo little Earth, as cover'd that R[illegible] ; but all things by Nature there are Rare, Delightful and Wonderful. But to our Sports ;

Sometimes we wou'd go ſurprizing, and in ſearch of young *Tigers* in their Dens, watching when the old Ones went forth to forage for Prey ; and oftentimes we have been in great Danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when ſurpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Deſign, and *Cæſar* was with us, who had no ſooner

ſtol'n

ſtol'n a young *Tiger* from her Neſt, but going off, we incounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which he had torn off with his mighty Paw, and going with it towards his *Den*; we had only four Women, *Cæſar*, and an Engliſh Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin*, the great *Oliverian*; we found there was no eſcaping this inrag'd and ravenous Beaſt. However, we Women fled as faſt as we cou'd from it; but our Heels had not ſav'd our Lives, if *Cæſar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tiger* quit her Prey to make the more ſpeed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin*'s Sword deſir'd him to ſtand aſide, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him, and *Cæſar* met this monſtrous

Beaſt

Beaſt of might, ſize, and vaſt Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his Awful ſtern Eyes full upon thoſe of the Beaſt, and putting himſelf into a very ſteddy and good aiming poſture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breaſt down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword; the dying Beaſt ſtretch'd forth her Paw, and going to graſp his Thigh, ſurpris'd with Death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Fleſh very deep, feebly wounded him, but cou'd not graſp the Fleſh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return; which, after ſome aſſurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging

ging out the Sword from the Bosom of the *Tiger*, who was laid in her Bloud on the Ground; he took up the *Cub*, and with an unconcern, that had nothing of the Joy or Gladness of a Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my Feet: We all extreamly wonder'd at his Daring, and at the Bigness of the Beast, which was about the highth of an Heifer, but of mighty, great, and strong Limbs.

Another time, being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tiger*, which had long infested that part, and born away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other things, that were for the support of those to whom they belong'd; abundance of People assail'd this Beast, some affirming they had shot her

with

with ſeveral Bullets quite through the Body, at ſeveral times; and ſome ſwearing they ſhot her through the very Heart, and they believ'd ſhe was a Devil rather than a Mortal thing. *Cæſar*, had often ſaid, he had a mind to encounter this Monſter, and ſpoke with ſeveral Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I ſhot her with ſo many poyſon'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that; ſo that he remarking all theſe Places where ſhe was ſhot, fancy'd ſtill he ſhou'd overcome her, by giving her another ſort of a Wound than any had yet done; and one day ſaid (at the Table) *What Trophies and Garlands Ladies will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this*

this Ravenous Beaſt, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs? We all promis'd he ſhou'd be rewarded at all our Hands. So taking a Bow, which he chus'd out of a great many, he went up in the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be; they had not paſt very far in it, but they heard her Voice growling and grumbling, as if ſhe were pleas'd with ſomething ſhe was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new raviſh'd Sheep, which ſhe had torn open; and ſeeing herſelf approach'd, ſhe took faſt hold of her Prey, with her fore Paws, and ſet a very fierce raging Look on *Cæſar*, without offering to approach him; for fear, at the

ſame

ſame time, of looſing what ſhe had in Poſſeſſion. So that *Cæſar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to ſhoot her where he deſign'd; 'twas ſome time before he cou'd accompliſh it, and to wound her, and not kill her, wou'd but have enrag'd her more, and indanger'd him: He had a Quiver of Arrows at his ſide, ſo that if one fail'd he cou'd be ſupply'd; at laſt, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found ſhe was Ravenous, and fell too as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him retire; being more eager of her Prey than of doing new Miſchiefs. When he going ſoftly to one ſide of her, and hiding his Perſon behind certain Herbage that grew high and thick, he

he took ſo good aim, that, as he intended, he ſhot her juſt into the Eye, and the Arrow was ſent with ſo good a will, and ſo ſure a hand, that it ſtuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being ſeconded by another Arrow, he fell dead upon the Prey: *Cæſar* cut him Open with a Knife, to ſee where thoſe Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why he did not Die of 'em. But I ſhall now relate a thing that poſſibly will find no Credit among Men, becauſe 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and Live; but when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were Seven

Bullets of Lead in it, and the Wounds ſeam'd up with great Scars, and ſhe liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long ſince they were ſhot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curioſity, which all the Country came to ſee; and which gave *Cæſar* occaſion of many fine Diſcourſes; of Accidents in War, and Strange Eſcapes.

At other times he wou'd go a Fiſhing; and diſcourſing on that Diverſion, he found we had in that Country a very Strange Fiſh, call'd, a *Numb Eel*, (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a quality ſo Cold, that thoſe who are Angling, though with a Line of never ſo great a length, with a Rod

at

at the end of it, it ſhall, in the ſame minute the Bait is touched by this *Eel*, ſeize him or her that holds the Rod with benumb'dneſs, that ſhall deprive 'em of Senſe, for a while; and ſome have fall'n into the Water, and others drop'd as dead on the Banks of the Rivers where they ſtood, as ſoon as this Fiſh touches the Bait. *Cæſar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it impoſſible a Man cou'd looſe his Force at the touch of a Fiſh; and cou'd not underſtand that Philoſophy, that a cold Quality ſhould be of that Nature: However, he had a great Curioſity to try whether it wou'd have the ſame effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain; at laſt, the ſought for

Fiſh came to the Bait, as he ſtood Angling on the Bank; and inſtead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a ſudden twitch out of the Water, whereby he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have diſmiſt the Rod, before it cou'd have too much Power over him; for Experiment ſake, he graſp'd it but the harder, and fainting fell into the River; and being ſtill poſſeſt of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him ſenſeleſs as he was a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbneſs ſeize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his Hand; which, with a Paddle (that is, a ſhort Oar) they ſtruck away, and ſnatch'd it into the Boat,

Eel

Eel and all. If *Cæſar* were almoſt Dead, with the effect of this Fiſh, he was more ſo with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the ſpace of going a League; and they found they had much a-do to bring him back to Life: But, at laſt, they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few Hours well Recover'd and Refreſh'd; and not a little Aſham'd to find he ſhou'd be overcome by an *Eel*; and that all the People, who heard his Defiance, wou'd Laugh at him. But we cheared him up; and he, being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper; which was a quarter of an Ell about, and moſt delicate Meat; and was of the more Value, ſince it coſt ſo

Dear, as almoſt the Life of ſo gallant a Man.

About this time we were in many mortal Fears, about ſome Diſputes the *Engliſh* had with the *Indians* ; ſo that we cou'd ſcarce truſt our ſelves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns, or Place, where they abode; for fear they ſhou'd fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away ; and that it was in the poſſeſſion of the *Dutch*, who us'd 'em not ſo civilly as the *Engliſh* ; ſo that they cut in pieces all they cou'd take, getting into Houſes, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her ; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joynts, and nail'd him to Trees.

This

This feud began while I was there; ſo that I loſt half the ſatisfaction I propos'd, in not ſeeing and viſiting the *Indian* Towns. But one Day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this account, *Cæſar* told us, we need not Fear; for if we had a mind to go, he wou'd undertake to be our Guard: Some wou'd, but moſt wou'd not venture; about Eighteen of us reſolv'd, and took Barge; and, after Eight Days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of ſome of our Company fail'd, and they wou'd not venture on Shore; ſo we Poll'd who wou'd, and who wou'd not: For my part, I ſaid, If *Cæſar* wou'd, I wou'd go; he reſolv'd, ſo did my Brother, and

my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now none of us ſpeaking the Language of the People, and imagining we ſhou'd have a half Diverſion in Gazing only; and not knowing what they ſaid, we took a Fiſherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us: But becauſe he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em; and being, by long Living there, become a perfect *Indian* in Colour, we, who reſolv'd to ſurprize 'em, by making 'em ſee ſomething they never had ſeen, (that is, White People) reſolv'd only my ſelf, my Brother, and Woman ſhou'd go; ſo *Cæſar*, the Fiſherman, and the reſt, hiding behind ſome thick

thick Reeds and Flowers, that grew on the Banks, let us paſs on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little diſtant from the Houſes, or Hutts; we ſaw ſome Dancing, others buſy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River: They had no ſooner ſpy'd us, but they ſet up a loud Cry, that frighted us at firſt; we thought it had been for thoſe that ſhould Kill us, but it ſeems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all Naked, and we were Dreſs'd, ſo as is moſt comode for the hot Countries, very Glittering and Rich; ſo that we appear'd extreamly fine; my own Hair was cut ſhort, and I had a Taffaty Cap, with Black Feathers, on my Head;

Head; my Brother was in a Stuff Sute, with Silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of Green Ribon; this was all infinitely ſurpriſing to them, and becauſe we ſaw them ſtand ſtill, till we approach'd 'em, we took Heart and advanc'd; came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling ſtill for more Company; who came ſwarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme*; taking their Hair up in their Hands, and ſpreading it wide to thoſe they call'd out too; as if they would ſay (as indeed it ſignify'd) *Numberleſs Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew

more

more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us; laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breasts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to see another; admiring our Shooes and Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave 'em; and they ty'd about their Legs, being Lac'd with Silver Lace at the ends, for they much Esteem any shining things: In fine, we suffer'd 'em to survey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they wou'd never have done admiring us. When *Cæsar*, and the rest, saw we were receiv'd with such wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis

by

People; and by the extream Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to eſtabliſh any unknown or extravagant Religion among them; and to impoſe any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For ſeeing a Kinſman of mine ſet ſome Paper a Fire, with a Burning-glaſs, a Trick they had never before ſeen, they were like to have Ador'd him for a God; and beg'd he wou'd give them the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppoſe it againſt Winds and Storms; which he did, and they held it up in thoſe Seaſons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them; and kept it like a Holy Relique. They are very Superſtitious, and call'd him the

Great

Great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet* They shew'd us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about Sixteen Years old, as handſom as Nature cou'd make a Man. They conſecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are us'd to compleat him in the fineſt manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little Arts and cunning they are capable of; to all the Legerdemain Tricks, and Slight of Hand, whereby he impoſes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Phyſick and Divinity. And by theſe Tricks makes the Sick believe he ſometimes eaſes their Pains; by drawing from the afflicted part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any Strange thing; and though they

they have beſides undoubted good Remedies, for almoſt all their Diſeaſes, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines; and make themſelves Fear'd, Lov'd, and Reverenc'd. This young *Peeie* had a very young Wife, who ſeeing my Brother kiſs her, came running and kiſs'd me; after this, they kiſs'd one another, and made it a very great Jeſt, it being ſo Novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæſar* had a mind to ſee and talk with their War *Captains*, and we were conducted to one of their Houſes; where we beheld ſeveral of the great

great *Captains*, who had been at Councel: But ſo frightful a Viſion it was to ſee 'em no Fancy can create; no ſuch Dreams can repreſent ſo dreadful a Spectacle. For my part I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men; but however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very Humane and Noble; but ſome wanted their Noſes, ſome their Lips, ſome both Noſes and Lips, ſome their Ears, and others Cut through each Cheek, with long Slaſhes, through which their Teeth appear'd; they had other ſeveral formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Diſmemberings; they had *Comitias*, or little Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked,

ſtuck in it ; a Bow at their Backs, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs ; and moſt had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd, *Amora Tigame* to us, at our entrance, and were pleas'd we ſaid as much to 'em ; they ſeated us, and gave us Drink of the beſt Sort ; and wonder'd, as much as the others had done before, to ſee us. *Cæſar* was marvelling as much at their Faces, wondering how they ſhou'd all be ſo Wounded in War ; he was Impatient to know how they all came by thoſe frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in Noble Battel : They told us, by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men

Men choſen out by ſome old *Captain*, whoſe Fighting was paſt, and who cou'd only teach the Theory of War, theſe two Men were to ſtand in Competition for the Generalſhip, or Great War Captain; and being brought before the old Judges, now paſt Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do to ſhew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he, who is firſt ask'd, making no Reply, Cuts of his Noſe, and throws it contemptably on the Ground; and the other does ſomething to himſelf that he thinks ſurpaſſes him, and perhaps deprives himſelf of Lips and an Eye; ſo they Slaſh on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And 'its by a paſſive Valour they

ſhew and prove their Activity; a ſort of Courage too Brutal to be applauded by our Black Hero; nevertheleſs he expreſs'd his Eſteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cæſar* begot ſo good an underſtanding between the *Indians* and the *Engliſh*, that there were no more Fears, or Heart-burnings during our ſtay; but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em: Many things Remarkable, and worthy Reciting, we met with in this ſhort Voyage; becauſe *Cæſar* made it his Buſineſs to ſearch out and provide for our Entertainment, eſpecially to pleaſe his dearly Ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a ſharer in all our Adventures; we being reſolv'd to make her Chains as eaſy as we cou'd, and

to

to Compliment the Prince in that manner that moſt oblig'd him

As we were coming up again, we met with ſome *Indians* of ſtrange Aſpects; that is, of a larger Size, and other ſort of Features, than thoſe of our Country: Our *Indian Slaves*, that Row'd us, ask'd 'em ſome Queſtions, but they cou'd not underſtand us; but ſhew'd us a long Cotton String, with ſeveral Knots on it; and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains ſo many Moons as there were Knots; they were habited in Skins of a ſtrange Beaſt, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold Duſt; which, as well as they cou'd give us to underſtand, came ſtreaming in

little ſmall Chanels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any Body, or Perſons, that wou'd go to the Mountains. We carry'd theſe Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord Governour came: And becauſe all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governour, by his Letters, commanded (for they ſent ſome of the Gold to him) that a Guard ſhou'd be ſet at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons*, (a River ſo call'd, almoſt as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to thoſe Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the

the Project was further profecuted, and the Governour being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Deſign dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the Advantage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majeſty loſt by looſing that part of *America*.

Though this digreſſion is a little from my Story, however ſince it contains ſome Proofs of the Curioſity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus, for ſometime we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to ſhew ſhe was with Child, and did nothing but Sigh and Weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her Self, and the Infant yet Unborn; and be-

liev'd, if it were ſo hard to gain the Liberty of Two, 'twou'd be more difficult to get that for Three. Her Griefs were ſo many Darts in the great Heart of *Cæſar*; and taking his Opportunity one *Sunday*, when all the Whites were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of ſeveral Trades, and *Slaves* for Four Years, that Inhabited among the *Negro* Houſes; and *Sunday* was their Day of Debauch, (otherwiſe they were a ſort of Spys upon *Cæſar*;) he went pretending out of Goodneſs to 'em, to Feaſt amongſt 'em; and ſent all his Muſick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about Three Hundred *Negros*; and about a Hundred and Fifty were able to bear Arms, ſuch as they

they had, which were ſufficient to do Execution with Spirits accordingly: For the *Engliſh* had none but ruſty Swords, that no Strength cou'd draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to Oyl 'em and keep 'em in good Order: The Guns alſo, unleſs here and there one, or thoſe newly carri'd from *England*, wou'd do no good or harm; for 'tis the Nature of that County to Ruſt and Eat up Iron, or any Metals, but Gold and Silver. And they are very Unexpert at the Bow, which the *Negros* and *Indians* are perfect Maſters off.

Cæſar, having ſingl'd out theſe Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue

to

to 'em of the Miſeries, and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toyls and Sufferings, under ſuch Loads, Burdens, and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beaſts than Men; Senſeleſs Brutes, than Humane Souls. He told 'em it was not for Days, Months, or Years, but for Eternity; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes: They ſuffer'd not like Men who might find a Glory, and Fortitude in Oppreſſion; but like Dogs that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had loſt the Divine Quality of Men, and were become inſenſible Aſſes, fit only to bear; nay worſe: an Aſs, or Dog, or Horſe having done his Duty, cou'd lye down

in Retreat, and riſe to Work again, and while he did his Duty indur'd no Stripes; but Men, Villanous, Senſeleſs Men, ſuch as they, Toyl'd on all the tedious Week till Black *Friday*; and then, whether they Work'd or not, whether they were Faulty or Meriting, they promiſcuouſly, the Innocent with the Guilty, ſuffer'd the infamous Whip, the ſordid Stripes, from their Fellow *Slaves* till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whoſe every drop ought to be Reveng'd with a Life of ſome of thoſe Tyrants, that impoſe it; *And why*, ſaid he, *my dear Friends and Fellow-ſufferers, ſhou'd we be Slaves to an unknown People? Have they Vanquiſh'd us Nobly in Fight? Have they Wone*

us

us in Honourable Battel ? . And are we, by the chance of War, be-come their Slaves ? This wou'd not anger a Noble Heart , this wou'd not animate a Souldiers Soul ; no, but we are Bought and Sold like Apes, or Monkeys, to be the Sport of Women , Fools and Cowards ; and the Support of Rogues, Runagades, that have abandon'd their own Countries, for Rapin , Murders , Thefts and Villanies : Do you not hear every Day how they upbraid each other with infamy of Life , below the Wildeſt Salvages ; and ſhall we render Obedience to ſuch a degenerate Race, who have no one Humane Vertue left, to diſtinguiſh 'em from the vileſt Creatures ? Will you, I ſay, ſuffer the Laſh from ſuch Hands ? They all Reply'd, with one accord,

cord, *No, no, no*; Cæſar *has ſpoke like a Great Captain; like a Great King.*

After this he wou'd have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall *Negro* of ſome more Quality than the reſt, his Name was *Tuſcan*; who Bowing at the Feet of *Cæſar*, cry'd. *My Lord, we have liſten'd with Joy and Attention to what you have ſaid; and, were we only Men, wou'd follow ſo great a Leader through the World: But oh! conſider, we are Husbands and Parents too, and have things more dear to us than Life; our Wives and Children unfit for Travel, in theſe unpaſſable Woods, Mountains and Bogs; we have not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers to Wade, and Monſters to Incounter;*

Raven-

Ravenous Beasts of Prey —— To this, *Cæsar* Reply'd, *That Honour was the First Principle in Nature, that was to be Obey'd; but as no Man wou'd pretend to that, without all the Acts of Vertue, Compassion, Charity, Love, Justice and Reason; he found it not inconsistent with that, to take an equal Care of their Wives and Children, as they wou'd of themselves; and that he did not Design, when he led them to Freedom, and Glorious Liberty, that they shou'd leave that better part of themselves to Perish by the Hand of the Tyrant's Whip: But if there were a Woman among them so degenerate from Love and Vertue to chuse Slavery before the pursuit of her Husband, and with the hazard of her Life, to share with him in his*

his Fortunes; that ſuch an one ought to be Abandon'd, and left as a Prey to the common Enemy.

To which they all Agreed, — and Bowed. After this, he ſpoke of the Impaſſable Woods and Rivers; and convinc'd 'em, the more Danger, the more Glory. He told them that he had heard of one *Hannibal* a great Captain, had Cut his Way through Mountains of ſolid Rocks; and ſhou'd a few Shrubs oppoſe them; which they cou'd Fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuſe to Men reſolv'd to die, or overcome. As for Bogs, they are with a little Labour fill'd and harden'd; and the Rivers cou'd be no Obſtacle, ſince they Swam by Nature; at leaſt by

Cu-

Cuſtom, from their Firſt Hour of their Birth: That when the Children were Weary they muſt carry them by turns, and the Woods and their own Induſtry wou'd afford them Food. To this they all aſſented with Joy.

Tuſcan then demanded, What he wou'd do? He ſaid, they wou'd Travel towards the Sea; Plant a New Colony, and Defend it by their Valour; and when they cou'd find a Ship, either driven by ſtreſs of Weather, or guided by Providence that way, they wou'd Sieze it, and make it a Prize, till it had Tranſported them to their own Countries; at leaſt, they ſhou'd be made Free in his Kingdom, and be Eſteem'd as his Fellow-ſufferers, and Men that had

the

the Courage, and the Bravery to attempt, at leaſt, for Liberty; and if they Dy'd in the attempt it wou'd be more brave, than to Live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kiſs'd his Feet at this Reſolution, and with one accord Vow'd to follow him to Death. And that Night was appointed to begin their March; they made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamaca about their Shoulder, and under their Arm like a Scarf; and to lead their Children that cou'd go, and carry thoſe that cou'd not. The Wives who pay an intire Obedience to their Husbands obey'd, and ſtay'd for 'em, where they were appointed: The Men

ſtay'd but to furniſh themſelves with what defenſive Arms they cou'd get; and All met at the Rendezvous, where *Cæſar* made a new incouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But, as they cou'd not march far that Night, on Monday early, when the Overſeers went to call 'em all together, to go to Work, they were extreamly ſurpris'd, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only ſuddenly ſpread all over the *Plantation*, but ſoon reach'd the Neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about Six hundred Men, they call the *Militia* of the County, that came to aſſiſt us in the perſuite of the Fugitives:

gitives: But never did one ſee ſo comical an Army march forth to War. The Men, of any faſhion, wou'd not concern themſelves, though it were almoſt the common Cauſe; for ſuch Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Conſequences oftentimes in many Colonies: But they had a Reſpect for *Cæſar*, and all hands were againſt the *Parhamites*, as they call'd thoſe of *Parham Plantation*; becauſe they did not, in the firſt place, love the Lord Governor; and ſecondly, they wou'd have it, that *Cæſar* was Ill us'd, and Baffl'd with; and 'tis not impoſſible but ſome of the beſt in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the *Slaves*; ſo that they

of the better ſort wou'd not meddle in the matter. The Deputy Governor, of whom I have had no great occaſion to ſpeak, and who was the moſt Fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the moſt Friendſhip to *Cæſar*, was now the only violent Man againſt him; and though he had nothing, and ſo need fear nothing, yet talk'd and look'd bigger than any Man: He was a Fellow, whoſe Character is not fit to be mention'd with the worſt of the *Slaves*. This Fellow wou'd lead his Army forth to meet *Cæſar*, or rather to perſue him; moſt of their Arms were of thoſe ſort of cruel Whips they call *Cat with Nine Tayls*; ſome had ruſty

uſeleſs

uſeleſs Guns for ſhow; others old Basket-hilts, whoſe Blades had never ſeen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs, and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went a long, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror, in ſuch a Battail; for he foreſaw, and knew, if by fighting they put the *Negroes* into diſpair, they were a ſort of ſullen Fellows, that wou'd drown, or kill themſelves, before they wou'd yield; and he adviſ'd that fair means was beſt: But *Byam* was one that abound.d in his own Wit, and wou'd take his own Meaſures.

It was not hard to find theſe Fugitives; for as they fled they were forc'd to fire and cut the Woods before 'em, ſo that Night

or Day they perſu'd 'em by the light they made, and by the path they had clear'd : But as ſoon as *Cæſar* found he was perſu d, he put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Reer ; and himſelf, with *Tuſcan* by his ſide, or next to him, all promiſing to Dye or Conquer. Incourag'd thus, they never ſtood to Parley, but fell on Pell-mell upon the *Engliſh*, and kill'd ſome, and wounded a good many ; they having recourſe to their Whips, as the beſt of their Weapons : And as they obſerv'd no Order, they perplex'd the Enemy ſo ſorely, with Laſhing 'em in the Eyes ; and the Women and Children, ſeeing their Husbands ſo treated, being of

fearful

fearful Cowardly Diſpoſitions, and hearing the *Engliſh* cry out, *Yield and Live, Yield and be Pardon'd*; they all run in amongſt their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about 'em, crying out, *Yield, yield*; *and leave* Cæſar *to their Revenge*; that by degrees the *Slaves* abandon'd *Cæſar*, and left him only *Tuſcan* and his Heroick *Imoinda*; who, grown big as ſhe was, did nevertheleſs preſs near her Lord, having a Bow, and a Quiver full of poyſon'd Arrows, which ſhe manag'd with ſuch dexterity, that ſhe wounded ſeveral, and ſhot the *Governor* into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have Dy'd, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Miſtreſs, ſuck'd the Wound, and cleans'd it from

the Venom: But however, he ſtir'd not from the Place till he had Parly'd with *Cæſar*, who he found was reſolv'd to dye Fighting, and wou'd not be Taken; no more wou'd *Tuſcan*, or *Imoinda*. But he, more thirſting after Revenge of another ſort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made uſe of all his Art of talking, and diſſembling; and beſought *Cæſar* to yield himſelf upon Terms, which he himſelf ſhould propoſe, and ſhould be Sacredly aſſented to and kept by him: He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or cou'd believe the force of Two Men, and a young Heroin, cou'd overcome all them, with all the Slaves now on their ſide alſo; but it was the vaſt E-

ſteem

ſteem he had for his Perſon; the deſire he had to ſerve ſo Gallant a Man; and to hinder himſelf from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occaſion of the Death of a *Prince*, whoſe Valour and Magnanimity deſerv'd the Empire of the World. He proteſted to him, he look'd upon this Action, as Gallant and Brave; however tending to the prejudice of his Lord and Maſter, who wou'd by it have loſt ſo conſiderable a number of *Slaves*; that this Flight of his ſhou'd be look'd on as a heat of Youth, and raſhneſs of a too forward Courage, and an unconſider'd impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accompliſh that which they wou'd effectually perform,

as

as ſoon as any Ship arriv'd that wou'd touch on his Coaſt. *So that if you will be pleas'd*, continued he, *to ſurrender your ſelf, all imaginable Reſpect ſhall be paid you; and your Self, your Wife, and Child, if it be here born, ſhall depart free out of our Land.* But *Cæſar* wou'd hear of no Compoſition; though *Byam* urg'd, If he perſu'd, and went on in his Deſign, he wou'd inevitably Periſh, either by great *Snakes*, wild Beaſts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whoſe Condition required eaſe, and not the fatigues of tedious Travel; where ſhe cou'd not be ſecur'd from being devoured. But *Cæſar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they Ador'd;

who

who inſtructed 'em in Principles ſo falſe, that honeſt Men cou'd not live amongſt 'em; though no People profeſs'd ſo much, none perform'd ſo little; that he knew what he had to do, when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his Guard, and never to Eat and Drink with *Chriſtians* without his Weapon of Defence in his Hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they ſpoke. As for the raſhneſs and inconſiderateneſs of his Action he wou'd confeſs the Governor is in the right; and that he was aſham'd of what he had done, in endeavoring to make thoſe Free, who were by Nature *Slaves*, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be us'd as

Chriſtians

Chriſtians Tools; Dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for ſuch Maſters; and they wanted only but to be whipt into the knowledge of the *Chriſtian Gods* to be the vileſt of all creeping things; to learn to Worſhip ſuch Deities as had not Power to make 'em Juſt, Brave, or Honeſt. In fine, after a thouſand things of this Nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, he had rather Dye than Live upon the ſame Earth with ſuch Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and proteſted together ſo much, that *Trefry* believing the *Governor* to mean what he ſaid; and ſpeaking very cordially himſelf, generouſly put himſelf into *Cæſar*'s Hands, and took him aſide, and perſwaded him, even with Tears,

to

to Live, by Surrendring himſelf, and to name his Conditions. *Cæſar* was overcome by his Wit and Reaſons, and in conſideration of *Imoinda*; and demanding what he deſir'd, and that it ſhou'd be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, becauſe he had perceiv'd that was the common way of contract between Man and Man, amongſt the Whites: All this was perform'd, and *Tuſcan*'s Pardon was put in, and they Surrender to the Governor, who walked peaceably down into the *Plantation* with 'em, after giving order to bury their dead. *Cæſar* was very much toyl'd with the buſtle of the Day; for he had fought like a Fury, and what Miſchief was done he and *Tuſcan* perform'd alone;

alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof that they durſt do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no ſooner arriv'd at the Place, where all the Slaves receive their Puniſhments of Whipping, but they laid Hands on *Cæſar* and *Tuſcan*, faint with heat and toyl; and, ſurpriſing them, Bound them to two ſeveral Stakes, and Whipt them in a moſt deplorable and inhumane Manner, rending the very Fleſh from their Bones; eſpecially *Cæſar*, who was not perceiv'd to make any Mone, or to alter his Face, only to roul his Eyes on the Faithleſs *Governor*, and thoſe he believ'd Guilty, with Fierceneſs and Indignation; and, to compleat his Rage, he

ſaw

ſaw every one of thoſe *Slaves*, who, but a few Davs before, Ador'd him as ſomething more than Mortal, now had a Whip to give him ſome Laſhes, while he ſtrove not to break his Fetters; though, if he had, it were impoſſible: But he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, that 'twas at once both Awful and Terrible to behold.

When they thought they were ſufficiently Reveng'd on him, they unty'd him, almoſt Fainting, with loſs of Blood, from a thouſand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Cloaths, and led him Bleeding and Naked as he was; and loaded him all over with Irons; and then rubbed his

Wounds,

Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian Pepper*, which had like to have made him raving Mad; and, in this Condition, made him ſo faſt to the Ground that he cou'd not ſtir, if his Pains and Wounds wou'd have given him leave. They ſpar'd *Imoinda*, and did not let her ſee this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and ſhut her up; which was not in kindneſs to her, but for fear ſhe ſhou'd Dye with the Sight, or Miſcarry; and then they ſhou'd looſe a young *Slave*, and perhaps the Mother.

You muſt know, that when the News was brought on Monday Morning, that *Cæſar* had betaken himſelf to the Woods,

and

and carry'd with him all the *Negroes*. We were poſſeſs'd with extream Fear, which no perſwaſions cou'd Diſſipate, that he wou'd ſecure himſelf till Night; and then, that he wou'd come down and Cut all our Throats. This apprehenſion made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be ſecur'd; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty: For I ſuppoſe I had Authority and Intereſt enough there, had I ſuſpected any ſuch thing, to have prevented it; but we had not gon many Leagues, but the News overtook us that *Cæſar* was taken, and Whipt like a common *Slave*. We met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and

Goodneſs, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my New *Comedy*, by his own Name, in memory of ſo brave a Man: He was Wiſe and Eloquent; and, from the fineneſs of his Parts, bore a great Sway over the Hearts of all the *Colony*: He was a Friend to *Cæſar*, and reſented this falſe Dealing with him very much. We carried him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accomodation; when we came, the Firſt News we heard was, that the *Governor* was Dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not ſo well: But it ſeems he wou'd have the Pleaſure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Cæſar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finiſh'd, he drop'd down;

down; and then they perceiv'd the Wound he had on his Shoulder, was by a venom'd Arrow; which, as I ſaid, his *Indian* Miſtreſs heal'd, by Sucking the Wound.

We were no ſooner Arriv'd, but we went up to the *Plantation* to ſee *Cæſar*, whom we found in a very Miſerable and Unexpreſſable Condition; and I have a Thouſand times admired how he liv'd, in ſo much tormenting Pain. We ſaid all things to him, that Trouble, Pitty, and Good Nature cou'd ſuggeſt; Proteſting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorance of ſuch Cruelties. Making a Thouſand Profeſſions of Services to him, and Begging as many Pardons for the Offen-

ders, till we ſaid ſo much, that he believ'd we had no Hand in his ill Treatment; but told us, he cou'd never Pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confeſs'd he ſaw his Grief and Sorrow, for his Suffering, which he cou'd not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very *Slaves*, for Speaking in his Defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head; —— and ſhou'd, by his Juſtice, and Honor, have been an Example to 'em. —— For him, he wiſh'd to Live, to take a dire Revenge of him, and ſaid, *It had been well for him, if he had Sacrific'd me, inſtead of giving me the contemptable Whip.* He refus'd to Talk much, but Begging us to give him our Hands; he took 'em,

'em, and Proteſted never to lift up his, to do us any Harm. He had a great Reſpect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counſel, like that of a Parent; and aſſur'd him, he wou'd obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*. *Therefore*, ſaid he, *for his own Safety, let him ſpeedily diſpatch me; for if I cou'd diſpatch my ſelf, I wou'd not, till that Juſtice were done to my injur'd Perſon, and the contempt of a Souldier: No, I wou'd not kill my ſelf, even after a Whiping, but will be content to live with that Infamy, and be pointed at by every grining Slave, till I have compleated my Revenge; and then you ſhall ſee that* Oroonoko *ſcorns to live with the Indignity that was put on* Cæſar. All we

cou'd do cou'd get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper; and order'd a Chirurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm, which he ſuffer'd, and in ſome time he began to be able to Walk and Eat; we fail'd not to viſit him every Day, and, to that end, had him brought to an apartment at *Parham*.

The *Governor* was no ſooner recover'd, and had heard of the menaces of *Cæſar*, but he call'd his Council; who (not to diſgrace them, or Burleſque the Government there) conſiſted of ſuch notorious Villains as *Newgate* never tranſported; and poſſibly originally were ſuch, who under-

underſtood neither the Laws of *God* or *Man*; and had no ſort of Principles to make 'em worthy the Name of Men: But, at the very Council Table, wou'd Contradict and Fight with one another; and Swear ſo bloodily that 'twas terrible to hear, and ſee 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards Hang'd, when the *Dutch* took poſſeſſion of the place; others ſent off in Chains:) But calling theſe ſpecial Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counſel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (Damn 'em) it might be their own Caſes; and that *Cæſar* ought to be made an Example to all the *Negroes*, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords

and Maſters ; and, at this rate, no Man was ſafe from his own *Slaves* ; and concluded, *nemine contradicente* that *Cæſar* ſhou'd be Hang'd.

Trefry then thought it time to uſe his Authority ; and told *Byam* his Command did not extend to his Lord's *Plantation* ; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *White-hall* ; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord--- (who there repreſented the King's Perſon) than they cou'd thoſe about the King himſelf ; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary ; and though his Lord were abſent in Perſon, his Power was ſtill in Being there ; which he had intruſted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particu-

lar

lar *Plantations* reach'd, and all that belong'd to it; the reſt of the *Country*, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exerciſe his Tyrany upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that int'reſted themſelves in *Cæſar's* Life, and abſolutely ſaid, He ſhou'd be Defended. So turning the *Governor*, and his wiſe Council, out of Doors, (for they ſate at *Parham-houſe*) they ſet a Guard upon our Landing Place, and wou'd admit none but thoſe we call'd Friends to us and *Cæſar*.

The *Governor* having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his recovery was compleated, *Cæſar* did not know but he was ſtill there; and indeed, for the moſt part, his time was ſpent there; for

for he was one that lov'd to Live at other Peoples Expence; and if he were a Day abſent, he was Ten preſent there; and us'd to Play, and Walk, and Hunt, and Fiſh, with *Cæſar*. So that *Cæſar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he ſhou'd find an opportunity of being Reveng'd on him: Though, after ſuch a Revenge, he cou'd not hope to Live; for if he eſcap'd the Fury of the *Engliſh* Mobile, who perhaps wou d have been glad of the occaſion to have kill'd him, he was reſolv'd not to ſurvive his Whiping; yet he had, ſome tender Hours, a repenting Softneſs, which he called his fits of Coward; wherein he ſtruggl'd with Love for the Victory of his Heart,

which

which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there; but, for the moſt part, his time was paſt in melancholy Thought, and black Deſigns; he conſider'd, if he ſhou'd do this Deed, and Dye, either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at beſt a *Slave*, to the inrag'd Multitude; his great Heart cou'd not indure that Thought. *Perhaps*, ſaid he, *ſhe may be firſt Raviſhed by every Brute; expoſed firſt to their naſty Luſts, and then a ſhameful Death.* No; he could not Live a Moment under that Apprehenſion, too inſupportable to be born. Theſe were his Thoughts, and his ſilent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards; ſo that now reſolving not only

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to kill *Byam*, but all thoſe he thought had inrag'd him; pleaſing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he ſhou'd make over the whole Face of the *Plantation*. He firſt reſolv'd on a Deed, that (however Horrid it at firſt appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reaſons, we thought it Brave and Juſt: Being able to Walk, and, as he believ'd, fit for the Execution of his great Deſign, he beg'd *Trefry* to truſt him into the Air, believing a Walk wou'd do him good; which was granted him, and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he us'd to do in his more happy and calmer Days, he led her up into a Wood, where, after (with a thouſand Sighs, and long Gazing ſilently on her Face, while

Tears

Tears guſt, in ſpight of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Deſign firſt of Killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himſelf, and the impoſſibility of Eſcaping, and therefore he told her the neceſſity of Dying; he found the Heroick Wife faſter pleading for Death than he was to propoſe it, when ſhe found his fix'd Reſolution; and, on her Knees, beſought him, not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (griev'd to Death) yet pleaſed at her noble Reſolution, took her up, and imbracing her, with all the Paſſion and Languiſhment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treaſure of his Soul, this Pleaſure of his Eyes; while Tears trickl'd down his Cheeks, hers were Smiling with Joy ſhe

ſhou'd

ſhou'd dye by ſo noble a Hand, and be ſent in her own Country, (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him ſhe ſo tenderly Lov'd, and ſo truly Ador'd in this; for Wives have a reſpect for their Husbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity; and when a Man finds any occaſion to quit his Wife, if he love her, ſhe dyes by his Hand; if not, he ſells her, or ſuffers ſome other to kill her. It being thus; you may believe the Deed was ſoon reſolv'd on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the Parting, the eternal Leave taking of Two ſuch Lovers, ſo greatly Born, ſo Senſible, ſo Beautiful, ſo Young, and ſo Fond, muſt be very Moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All

All that Love cou'd ſay in ſuch caſes, being ended; and all the intermitting Irreſolutions being adjuſted, the Lovely, Young, and Ador'd Victim lays her ſelf down, before the Sacrificer; while he, with a Hand reſolv'd, and a Heart breaking within, gave the Fatal Stroke; firſt, cutting her Throat, and then ſevering her, yet Smiling, Face from that Delicate Body, pregnant as it was with Fruits of tend'reſt Love. As ſoon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers; of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the ſame cover-lid of Nature; only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found ſhe was Dead, and paſt all Retrieve, never more

to

to bleſs him with her Eyes, and ſoft Language; his Grief ſwell'd up to Rage; he Tore, he Rav'd he Roar'd, like ſome Monſter of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*; a thouſand times he turn'd the Fatal Knife that did the Deed, toward his own Heart, with a Reſolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which now was a thouſand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him; and he wou'd cry out, *No; ſince I have ſacrificed* Imoinda *to my Revenge, ſhall I looſe that Glory which I have purchas'd ſo dear, as at the Price of the faireſt, deareſt, ſofteſt Creature that ever Nature made? No, no!* Then, at her Name, Grief wou'd get the aſcendant of Rage, and he wou'd

lye

lye down by her ſide, and water her Face with ſhowers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from thoſe Eyes: And however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not power to ſtir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more Belov'd, and more Ador'd than ever.

He remain'd in this deploring Condition for two Days, and never roſe from the Ground where he had made his ſad Sacrifice; at laſt, rouſing from her ſide, and accuſing himſelf with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead; and that the Deaths of thoſe barbarous Enemies were deferr'd too long, he reſolv'd now to finiſh the great Work; but offering to riſe, he found his Strength ſo de-

cay'd, that he reel'd to and fro, like Boughs aſſail'd by contrary Winds; ſo that he was forced to lye down again, and try to ſummons all his Courage to his Aid; he found his Brains turn round, and his Eyes were dizzy; and Objects appear'd not the ſame to him they were wont to do; his Breath was ſhort; and all his Limbs ſurpriſed with a Faintneſs he had never felt before: He had not Eat in two Days, which was one occaſion of this Feebleneſs, but exceſs of Grief was the greateſt; yet ſtill he hop'd he ſhou'd recover Vigour to act his Deſign; and lay expecting it yet ſix Days longer; ſtill mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and ſtriving every Day to riſe, but cou'd not.

In

In all this time you may believe we were in no little affliction for *Cæſar*, and his Wife; ſome were of Opinion he was eſcap'd never to return; others thought ſome Accident had hap'ned to him: But however, we fail'd not to ſend out an hundred People ſeveral ways to ſearch for him; a Party, of about forty, went that way he took; among whom was *Tuſcan*, who was perfectly reconcil'd to *Byam*; they had not gon very far into the Wood, but they ſmelt an unuſual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks muſt be very noiſom that can be diſtinguiſh'd among ſuch a quantity of Natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces. So that they concluded they ſhou'd find him dead, or ſomebody that

was ſo; they paſt on towards it, as Loathſom as it was, and made ſuch a ruſling among the Leaves that lye thick on the Ground, by continual-Falling, that *Cæſar* heard he was approach'd; and though he had, during the ſpace of theſe eight Days, endeavor'd to riſe, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and ſeeing his Purſuers, he roſe, and reel'd to a Neighbouring Tree, againſt which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of thoſe that advanc'd, and ſaw him; he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they wou'd be ſafe: So that they ſtood ſtill, and hardly believing their Eyes, that wou'd perſwade them that it was *Cæſar* that ſpoke to 'em, ſo much was he alter'd;

they

they ask'd him, What he had done with his Wife? for they ſmelt a Stink that almoſt ſtruck them dead. He, pointing to the dead Body, ſighing, cry'd, *Behold her there*; they put off the Flowers that cover'd her with their Sticks, and found ſhe was kill'd; and cry'd out, *Oh Monſter! that haſt murther'd thy Wife*: Then asking him, Why he did ſo cruel a Deed? He replied, he had no leaſure to anſwer impertinent Queſtions; *You may go back*, continued he, *and tell the Faithleſs Governor, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my laſt; and that my Arm is too feeble to obey my Heart, in what it had deſign'd him*: But his Tongue faultering, and trembling, he cou'd ſcarce end what he was ſaying. The

Engliſh taking Advantage by his Weakneſs, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all means:* He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a Fainting, or a Dream, he cry'd out, *No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will find no more* Cæſars *to be Whipt; no more find a Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have Strength yet left to ſecure me from a ſecond Indignity.* They ſwore all a-new, and he only ſhook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn; then they cry'd out, *Who will venture on this ſingle Man? Will no body?* They ſtood all ſilent while *Cæſar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt to the firſt Adventurer; let him aſſure himſelf,* and, at that Word, held up his Knife in a menacing Poſture, *Look ye, ye faithleſs Crew,* ſaid he,

'tis

'tis not Life I ſeek, nor am I afraid of Dying ; and, at that Word, cut a piece of Fleſh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em, *yet ſtill I wou'd Live if I cou'd, till I had perfected my Revenge. But oh! it cannot be* ; *I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart* ; *and, if I make not haſte, I ſhall yet fall a Victim to the ſhameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly ; and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what Strength he cou'd; while ſome, on their Knees imploring, beſought him to hold his Hand. But when they ſaw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *Engliſh* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil* ; (taking Courage when he ſaw him almoſt Dead) and ſwearing a horrid Oath for his fare-

well to the World; he ruſh'd on *Cæſar*, with his Arm'd Hand met him ſo fairly, as ſtuck him to the Heart, and he fell Dead at his Feet. *Tuſcan* ſeeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, oh* Cæſar; *and therefore will not let thee Dye, if poſſible:* And, running to him, took him in his Arms; but, at the ſame time, warding a Blow that *Cæſar* made at his Boſom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Cæſar* having not the Strength to pluck the Knife forth, though he attempted it, *Tuſcan* neither pull'd it out himſelf, nor ſuffer'd it to be pull'd out; but came down with it ſticking in his Arm; and the reaſon he gave for it was, becauſe the Air ſhou'd not get into the Wound: They put their Hands a-croſs, and carried

Cæſar

Cæſar between Six of 'em, fainted as he was; and they thought Dead, or juſt Dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who dreſt his Wounds, and ſow'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to ſee him; and, if before we thought him ſo beautiful a Sight, he was now ſo alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's Head black'd over; nothing but Teeth, and Eye-holes: For ſome Days we ſuffer'd no body to ſpeak to him, but cauſed Cordials to be poured down his Throat, which ſuſtained his Life; and in ſix or ſeven Days he recover'd his Senſes: For, you muſt know, that

Wounds

Wounds are almoſt to a Miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unleſs Wounds in the Legs, which rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to ſpeak, we talk'd to him; and ask'd him ſome Queſtions about his Wife, and the Reaſons why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Reſolution, and of his Parting; and he beſought us, we would let him Dye, and was extreamly Afflicted to think it was poſſible he might Live; he aſſur'd us, if we did not Diſpatch him, he wou'd prove very Fatal to a great many. We ſaid all we cou'd to make him Live, and gave him new Aſſurances; but he begg'd we wou'd not think ſo poorly of him, or of his love to *Imoinda*, to

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imagine we cou'd Flatter him to Life again; but the Chirurgeon aſſur'd him, he cou'd not Live, and therefore he need not Fear. We were all (but *Cæſar*) afflicted at this News; and the Sight was gaſhly; his Diſcourſe was ſad; and the earthly Smell about him ſo ſtrong, that I was perſwaded to leave the Place for ſome time; (being my ſelf but Sickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illneſs upon any extraordinary Melancholy) the Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what poſſible care they cou'd of the Life of *Cæſar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin*'s, about three Days Journy down the River; but I was no ſooner gon, but the

Governor

Governor taking *Trefry*, about ſome pretended earneſt Buſineſs, a Days Journy up the River; having communicated his Deſign to one *Baniſter*, a wild *Iriſh* Man, and one of the Council; a Fellow of abſolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but was Rich. He came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took *Cæſar*, and had him carried to the ſame Poſt where he was Whip'd; and cauſing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he ſhou'd Dye like a Dog, as he was. *Cæſar* replied, this was the firſt piece of Bravery that ever *Baniſter* did; and he never ſpoke Sence till he pronounc'd that Word; and, if he wou'd keep it, he wou'd declare, in the other World, that he was

the

the only Man, of all the Whites, that ever he heard ſpeak Truth. And turning to the Men that bound him, he ſaid, *My Friends, am I to Dye, or to be Whip'd?* And they cry'd, *Whip'd! no; you ſhall not eſcape ſo well:* And then he replied, ſmiling, *A Bleſſing on thee*; and aſſur'd them, they need not tye him, for he wou'd ſtand fixt, like a Rock; and indure Death ſo as ſhou'd encourage them to Dye. *But if you Whip me*, ſaid he, *be ſure you tye me faſt.*

He had learn'd to take Tobaco; and when he was aſſur'd he ſhould Dye, he deſir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready Lighted, which they did; and the Executioner came, and firſt cut off his Members,

bers, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favoured Knife, they cut his Ears, and his Noſe, and burn'd them; he ſtill Smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and ſtill he bore up, and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head ſunk, and his Pipe drop'd; and he gave up the Ghoſt, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Siſter were by him all the while, but not ſuffer'd to ſave him; ſo rude and wild were the Rabble, and ſo inhumane were the Juſtices, who ſtood by to ſee the Execution, who after paid dearly enough for their Inſolence. They cut *Cæſar* in Quarters, and ſent them to ſeveral of the chief

Plan-

Plantations : One Quarter was ſent to Colonel *Martin*, who refus'd it; and ſwore, he had rather ſee the Quarters of *Daniſter*, and the *Governor* himſelf, than thoſe of *Cæſar*, on his *Plantations*; and that he cou'd govern his *Negroes* without Terrifying and Grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangl'd King.

Thus Dy'd this Great Man; worthy of a better Fate, and a more ſublime Wit than mine to write his Praiſe; yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is conſiderable enough to make his Glorious Name to ſurvive to all Ages; with that of the Brave, the Beautiful, and the Conſtant *Imoinda*.

FINIS.